



The Grail

FEBRUARY, 1933

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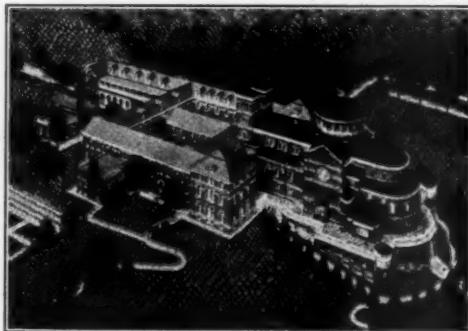
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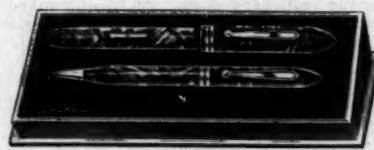
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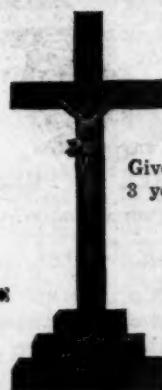
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The Grail

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Communio Sanctorum

Dom Hugh G. Bevenot, O. S. B., B. A.

By angel hands none but the souls of the Just
Are borne to the imperishable sky;—
Those stars, that coursèd once true to Christ's trust,
Will then be fixed resplendently for aye.

All things of earth will then be utter spent,
Save for the precious metals that will glee
In streams of glory round the battlement
Of the Jerusalem that is to be.

Such is the vision of Apocalypse,
Sealed for a time, yet true as Life.—And we,
Who bear that Creed in heart and on our lips,
Kiss yet the things of earth in ecstasy!

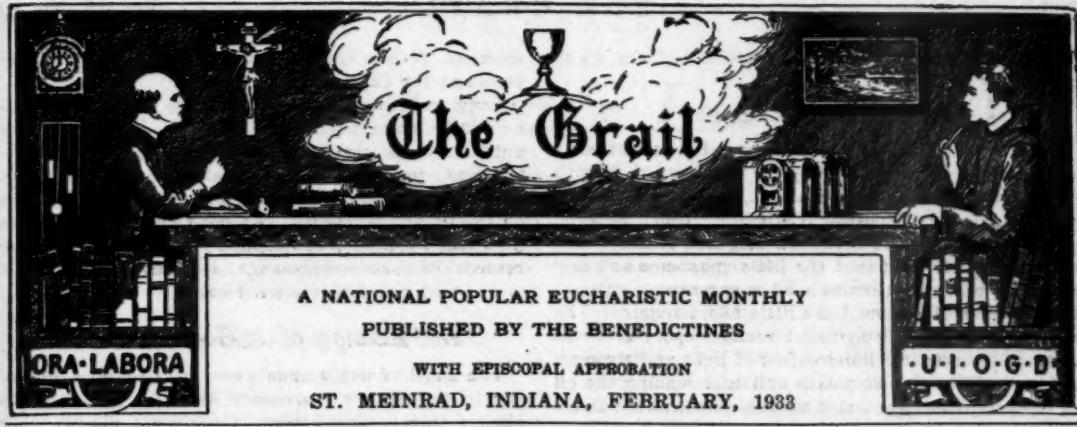
We must be Saints,—God help us burst these shackles
And reach our Brethren in Heaven's Tabernacles.

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A Menace of Our Time

That February is Catholic Press month is being announced from every pulpit; the bishops have written pastorals to their flocks to encourage them to be diligent readers of the printed word that comes from approved sources; the Catholic Press itself is sending forth urgent messages to its readers to solicit their hearty cooperation in the dissemination of the truth so as to offset the baneful doctrines of irreligion. These earnest entreaties to patronize the Catholic press are not a promotion scheme on the part of interested priests and prelates. Catholic literature (papers, periodicals, magazines, pamphlets, and tracts) is an antidote against the poisonous breath of the secular, irreligious, godless press.

UNWHOLESOME NOURISHMENT

By its very nature Catholic literature, if read and taken to heart, will counteract the evil effects of the moral filth which, like a mighty deluge, is sweeping over the face of the earth. The filthy doctrines of birth control, bedroom scenes aired in the courts, divorce proceedings with the narrative of accompanying circumstances, robbery and murder played up with the details of these crimes portrayed in a fascinating manner—holding up the doers of these evil deeds as heroes, besides socialism, sovietism—but where shall we stop?

Such is the menu, the spiritual pabulum, the ener-vating food that is placed before the mind of the hungry public day in day out from January 1st to December 31st year after year. As food and drink go over into flesh and blood, so in a similar way is absorbed the unwholesome nourishment provided by the secular press, which molds the thought and the opinion of the constant reader. No longer are indelicate matters omitted or garbed, or left entirely to the imagination of the reader, but they are placed before him bare and unveiled. Thus the godless press with its evil influence is truly a menace to the morality of our age. This being the case, it is not to be wondered at that there is so much immorality and wickedness among men and that there are so many moral degenerates.

A REMEDY SUGGESTED

A remedy is sought. Where are we to find a bulwark

to stem the tide of vice and degeneracy? Protestantism has lost its hold on the masses. The general public no longer looks upon churchgoing as a necessity. The reading of Catholics should be supervised in so far as possible. We can see to it that Catholic literature is placed in the home, at the club, and in other places where Catholics congregate for recreation. Study clubs and reading circles can help to promote this good work. A powerful remedy for the spiritual ills of the twentieth century is to be found in the Catholic press. Catholic reading matter is an antidote for the poison of the irreligious press and a stimulant to virtue.

CATHOLIC LITERATURE IN THE HOME

Catholic parents and guardians have a definite duty to perform in respect to Catholic reading matter. Besides having a Catholic paper and a Catholic magazine in the home, Catholic books and booklets illustrative of the teachings of the Church, of the virtues, and of right living should also be at hand. Parents should set the good example and encourage as well as see to it that their children read likewise.

How often do we not find in the homes of Catholics in moderate circumstances the secular daily with its bulky Sunday edition that seldom edifies or enlightens the household but rather tears loose from the moorings of solid virtue. Then there is the trashy secular magazine with its sordid and lurid tales, also cheap novels in a similar strain. All such stuff is harmful to the imaginative young, and of no value to the grown-ups.

Search in these same homes for the Catholic daily, of which we have only one in the English tongue, the Catholic weekly, or magazine; look for Catholic literature in other forms. What do you find? What answer do you get to your query? Is it the age-old excuse: "We really can't afford to," even though you discover secular reading matter of every description in abundance in that same house? Or is the complaint made: "Well, nobody reads it anyhow!" More's the pity. Where lies the fault? Is the spark of Faith on the domestic hearth smoldering beneath the ashes of coldness and indifference? If so, the Catholic conscience should be awakened and the energy that lies dormant

in the soul should be roused to action lest the Faith be entirely lost.

BENEFIT OF GOOD READING

Good reading matter that is perused conscientiously and persistently will not only help to keep the Faith alive, but will also strengthen it, make men firmer, more virtuous, and better Catholics. Good reading, spiritual reading, the great St. Augustine likens to a sacrament. He says that the little substance and few words in the administration of a sacrament give results wonderfully beyond the little effort required. So a little time spent in spiritual reading every day will bring to the reader a hundredfold of light and strength and joy. The saint also calls spiritual reading the oil of the flame of prayer, and says that just as the flame will die out without oil, so our prayer life will gradually die if we do not feed our minds with spiritual reading.

CATHOLIC LITERATURE AND NON-CATHOLICS

Catholic literature is a powerful ally in winning non-Catholics to the Faith. For many the chance reading of a Catholic paper or other Catholic literature that fell into their hands was for them the seed of conversion. The Catholic paper will help to break down prejudice. Many, who are now fervent Catholics, owe their conversion, next to the grace of God, to the Catholic paper that came into their possession. Here is an apostolate that almost every Catholic can exercise. Do not waste, mutilate, destroy, or throw away your Catholic paper or magazine after you have read it. Pass it on to your non-Catholic neighbor. Give him a lift onto the ladder that reaches to heaven. If you are instrumental in saving one soul, great will be your reward in eternity. Your act of charity, aided by the grace of God, can work the salvation of your neighbor.

An investment in Catholic literature pays big dividends both in time and in eternity. Make an investment to-day and be assured of profit that will never depreciate in value. In this market there is no possibility of failure.

A Lost Sheep Found

Great is the joy of the Good Shepherd when He has found the sheep that was lost. "There shall be joy in heaven," says He, "upon one sinner that doth penance, more than upon ninety-nine just who need not penance." And we can be sure that the greater the sinner, the greater too will be the joy over his return.

On Jan. 13th there passed from time to eternity at Amarillo, Texas, the Rev. Bernard Fresenborg at the advanced age of eighty-five years. For some thirty years Father Fresenborg had been out of the Church. To him was ascribed the authorship of "Thirty Years in Hell," an infamous book which has figured prominently in anti-Catholic propaganda. Two and a half years ago, on June 13, 1930, the unfortunate man was reconciled to the Church that he had so long reviled. After he had retracted his errors and repudiated the authorship of the book just mentioned, the penitent sinner, having affixed his name to the document of re-

traction, Bishop Gerken received him back into the bosom of the Church.

Long had divine grace pursued the erring man until he finally made his peace with God. From that time until his recent death the now happy man lived in retirement, preparing himself for the final summons. He had the consolation of offering up the Holy Sacrifice on the day of his death. At noon he was at work in his garden when he was suddenly stricken ill. Having received the last sacraments, he passed away at 6 p. m. God grant him eternal rest!

The Passing of a Good Shepherd

The angel of death stands ever at attention, beckoning to the Master's presence first the one then the other. One is called after a lingering illness, while another is summoned without previous warning. Such was the call "when death came to the Archbishop" of Santa Fe, New Mexico, on December 2, 1932.

Shortly before noon on the day of his untimely death the Most Rev. Albert T. Daeger, O. F. M., fell down a steep stairway and three hours later he passed to his reward. Most Rev. A. J. Schuler, S. J., Bishop of El Paso, Texas, celebrated the Pontifical Requiem at the funeral.

The deceased Archbishop was born at St. Ann, Indiana, March 5, 1872. At the age of seventeen he entered the novitiate of the Franciscan Order at Cincinnati. One year later, Aug. 15, 1890, he made his religious profession. Having finished his theological studies at Oldenburg, Ind., the order of priesthood was conferred upon him on July 25, 1896. Parochial duties fell to the lot of the new priest, first in Ohio, then in Kansas and Nebraska. In 1902 when the Franciscans of Cincinnati took charge of a mission field in New Mexico, the future Archbishop was transferred from Nebraska to the Archdiocese of Santa Fe, where he endured all the hardships of real mission life until his elevation to the purple in 1919.

Despite the ecclesiastical dignity that was conferred upon him, Archbishop Daeger remained ever a loyal, humble son of St. Francis. The simple people of the missions continued to call him Father, the title that he preferred for himself. He was loved and revered not only by the members of his own flock, but by all who knew him. A non-Catholic editor says of him among other things: "No eulogy can exceed the simple epitaph that He Went About Doing Good."

A great, good man has gone to his reward. R. I. P.

Oklahoma's New Abbot

The Benedictines of St. Gregory's Abbey at Shawnee, Oklahoma, have a new superior in the person of the Rt. Rev. Mark Braun, O. S. B., of St. John's Abbey in Minnesota, whom the Holy Father has designated for that responsible post.

The Benedictine foundation in Oklahoma, as was mentioned some months ago in these pages, was made by French monks of the Primitive Observance. The first superior was the Rt. Rev. Isidore Robot, O. S. B.

(Continued on page 411)

Rainbow's End

CLARE HAMPTON

CHAPTER III—THE PARTY

(Continued)

“I said yer *first* name,” reiterated the gentleman.

“That is my *first* name.”

“What? Three names? You, ah—people don’t call you by all three at once, do they?” Miss Marobone tittered.

“Oh dear, no! They call me Clara most times, ‘cept when they call me Miss Marobone.” This time Mr. Wood tittered.

“Funny name, ain’t it.”

“What?”

“Marobone! Sounds like somethin’ you make soup out of.” And he laughed again, wrinkling up his nose and face comically. Miss Marobone felt insulted and arose.

“Well, if you ask me, I don’t think Wood is such an elegant material myself. Every tree’s got it, and you walk on it and it’s plenty common, and if that’s all you called me out here for—”

“Oh now, *please*, Miss Marobone, forgive me. I didn’t mean no such thing. Just kinda struck me funny, that’s all. I ain’t got no sense and—”

“Yes, and no manners either!”

“Well, maybe not, but honest, I didn’t mean to insult *yuh*. Please set down again, won’t *yuh*, and I’ll try to be keerful o’ my tongue next time?” Miss Marobone, mollified, and really not very anxious to depart, seated herself again and smoothed out her dress carefully.

“Well, all right: But don’t you insult me again, or I’ll go home.”

“And the evenin’ only half over? Oh, I wouldn’t let *yuh*.” This pleased the lady very much.

“Wouldn’t you?”

“No sirree! I’d hold yer hand tight, like this. Gee, but you have got little hands, Clara. Most so little, I can’t hardly see ‘em.” Miss Marobone blushed in the dark, the former insult completely wiped out by this noble compliment.

“When’s yer *birthday*?” was the next intimate question.

“March fifth.”

“I might send *yuh* a nice birthday card. I dunno yet. I’ll see. Ef Marthy Ann hez any a-layin’ around loose I’ll cop one of ‘em. She ‘lows I ought to settle down and git a home o’ my own. Sez I won’t always be a-messin’ around in her things then.” This with an apologetic laugh. Miss Marobone was holding her breath. He was still holding her hand. What would the next momentous question be?

“It’s a awful hot night, ain’t it?” he said.

“Yes.” Silence. Then,

“Hev *yuh* ever set up with anybody yet?”

“Set up?” she asked, puzzled.

“Sure! You know, kept company, I mean.” Oh, then it was coming after all. Her heart began beating hard.

“No, never.”

“I jest wanted to know. I don’t want to be a-steppin’ on nobody’s toes, *yuh* know. I don’t like second-hand furniture nohow.”

“Second-hand furniture? What do you mean?”

“Second fiddle, you know.”

“You mean—you mean—I’m too old or something? Mr. Wood, I’ll have you know—”

“Oh no, no! I didn’t mean that a-tall! I mean this: I wanna be a girl’s first lover. Not the second or third or fourth or fifth.”

“Oh,” breathed the lady, with a sigh of relief.

“Yuh know, I’m kinda pertic’lar about the girls I go with.”

“Girls? Have you gone with many?”

“Naw! Only one or two. But I caught ‘em flirtin’ with somebody else, and I cut loose jest like that! Yes sir! I’m mighty pertic’lar about any girl I go with.” Miss Marobone, slightly frightened and awed, sat perfectly still. She would have to be very careful in her deportment with such a particular man. Finally, she ventured a remark.

“I—I’m a very particular person myself.” But Mr. Wood was not listening; he was lean-

ing to the left and peering around the barn toward the kitchen.

"Say, you know, I'm a-gittin' consarn hungry," he declared, pressing his hands to his belt buckle. "Wonder when Marthy Ann's gonna serve that supper. C'mon, let's go and see." Taking Miss Marobone by the hand, he pulled her up from her seat and led her toward the kitchen door. "Hey, Marthy Ann! We're a-gittin' hungry. When do we eat?" he shouted into the door.

"Everything's ready, Charlie. We're just putting on the finishing touches. You might go around and tell the folks to get ready."

"Fine! I'm gonna start a supper march. Hey you, Jed and John!" he called, looking into the barn. "Come on out and play the supper march. Everybody get in line! The grub's all ready!"

So the musicians came out and headed the procession, seconded by Mr. Wood and the proud Miss Marobone.

"Come on, Myry and Roy!" he invited, while Miss Marobone caught Myra's hand and drew her in line behind herself and Mr. Wood. The procession wended its way around the house, constantly lengthening in numbers, as Charlie invited others to join. "Come on, drop them wrenches and jacks and come on, eat!" he cried as they passed the group of men who had been repairing the musicians' car. Finally, everyone was marching, and Mrs. Dader opened the screen door and invited them to enter and seat themselves. Two long tables had been erected, one in the kitchen, and the other in the dining room, made of planks and sawbucks, covered with all the tablecloths the hostess could commandeer from her own stock and that of her neighbors.

It was all of one o'clock before the party broke up. They were leisurely getting their things together, when a clap of thunder sent everybody into a panic. Families rushed to their vehicles, piled in, whipped up their horses, or started their motors, and were off.

"Let me see, how will we arrange this?" asked Roy, who wanted very much to take Myra home, but had to take Mr. and Mrs. Shane too. "Mr. Curtis, mind if I take Myra in our Lizzie? I'll bring the folks home first,

and then take Myra back to your house. All right?"

"Suits me if it suits her. Guess I'll have to take Miss Marobone anyway, and the buggy isn't any too large." Here it began to rain in big, splashy drops, and Mr. Curtis lifted up the seat to get out the curtains, which he put up with great difficulty, since a wind began to blow, and the rain to pelt in his face, and before he had them up, he was pretty wet. But Miss Marobone was looking forlornly around for Mr. Wood. She had felt sure that he would offer to take her home, but he was nowhere to be found. When the curtains were up, Mr. Curtis called to her:

"Come on, Miss Marobone, comin' with me?"

"Well, I—ah—Mr. Wood, ah—"

"Oh, was Charlie going to take you home?" interposed Mrs. Dader. "But where is he?" And she began searching for him. "Charlie!" she called, as she searched. Finally she came down from upstairs apologetically. "Bless your soul, he's sound asleep upstairs on the sofa, and I couldn't wake him for love or money." Miss Marobone sighed.

"Might as well come with me, then," said Mr. Curtis. Reluctantly she climbed up beside Myra's father and tucked the front curtain around the side of the seat. Myra had already gone with the Shanes, and they were the last to leave. "Good night!" they all called to each other. Mr. Curtis clucked to his horse, and Miss Marobone tucked in her skirts more carefully, for the rain had become a downpour. Her heart was desolate.

CHAPTER IV—THE VALLEY OF SHADOW

There was a knock at the door, and Myra, her face lined with care, opened. It was Miss Marobone, holding a bowl of steaming chicken broth.

"How is your father this morning, Myra?" she said in a low voice, entering the kitchen.

"Terrible, Miss Marobone. He suffers excruciating pain every time he moves a limb."

"What does the doctor say? Has he been here this morning?"

"Just left; brought him some medicine and liniment. I'm to rub on the liniment and tie hot flannel cloths on all the joints."

"Oh, isn't that terrible? If only he had kept

out of the wet that night of the party! And this awful rain! I wonder when it will stop? It's been raining for a week now and everything in the house is soggy and sticky. It's so damp, I've made a little wood fire in my kitchen, and it feels good too."

"Thanks for the broth, Miss Marobone. Father will enjoy this. He always praises your cooking."

"Does he?" she asked, blushing with pleasure. "He is the dearest old man, and I'd do anything for him!"

"Yes, I know you would." Miss Marobone peeped into the next room.

"Is he awake?"

"No, I believe he has dozed off. I rubbed the joints and tied them up, and he seems to feel a little easier now. He didn't sleep a wink all last night, poor soul, so I guess he's very tired."

"Thank goodness, that's one thing I've never been troubled with."

"Nor I, Miss Marobone, but when one grows old, I suppose we may expect all sorts of ailments."

"Of course; that's natural. Now, if it would only stop raining, and the sun come out and dry things up a bit, I'll bet his pains would stop. Oh, someone's coming. It's the Milligan's truck, and Mrs. Milligan is trying to hold her umbrella straight against that wind."

Another knock at the door, and Myra took her neighbor's dripping umbrella and stood it in the kitchen sink.

"Isn't it the most awful weather you ever heard tell of?" cried Mrs. Milligan, stamping her wet feet out on the foot mat. "I've been awaitin' for it to stop raining, but I don't believe it ever will; so I just up and decided to come in spite of the rain. Here, Myra, I brought you a package of my great-grandmother's rheumatism tea. She was good at herbs and simples, you know. We keep the recipe in Pa's lock box, and every summer I go to the woods and gather the leaves and dry them, so we won't run out of the tea. I've helped so many of my neighbors with it. Do make it up for him right away, and I know it will help him."

"Thank you so much, Mrs. Milligan. It was awfully good of you to come away up here in such bad weather."

"Well, everybody in town knows about Mr. Curtis' rheumatism. There wasn't much else for the men-folk to do but sit and telephone around town to all their cronies. So, when I heard about it, I just up and went in the attic where I had the tea a-hangin' in a bag from the rafters, and took some out for your Pa. The roads are all a mess o' gumbo around our place, so I waited to see if the rain would stop. Finally I hear from Mandy Sargent that your Pa had pains in the j'ints like red hot needles a-stickin' him, and I jumps up and says to Pa, we can't wait no longer. So we plows through the gumbo and here we are."

"Oh, you're so kind, both of you. I don't know what I would do without my good neighbors," praised Myra in her sweet way. Here a falsetto voice was heard calling from the next room.

"That Miss Marobone in there?"

"Yes, Mr. Curtis, I'm here. Brought you some nice chicken broth."

"Thanks, Miss Marobone. But how about some o' thet rheumatism cure Mr. Barker told you about? Why didn't you fix some up for me right away when he told you? Now, you're a fine friend!" Miss Marobone was distressed and thought he really meant it.

"Oh, why—really, Mr. Curtis," she fluttered, going into the sick room, "If I'd known you were going to be down like this, I—"

"You should have started it right away. No tellin' when one o' these attacks'll come on, you know," he continued jovially, in spite of his pain. "What was it you had to do? Seak eight snakes in a gallon o' hot vinegar—say, the hot vinegar might be good at that, what do you think?" Miss Marobone made a face.

"Oh, Mr. Curtis, it wasn't any such thing! Eight snakes! The idea! You'd never catch me fixing up anything that had snakes in it. I said snails, not snakes. But do you really want me to fix some up for you? It will take pretty long, though—"

"Ain't that what I said? Fellow could be dead before the stuff got ripe down in the cellar. You should have started long ago to fix some for me!"

"But I only just heard about it from Mr. Barker about two weeks ago. How could I—"

"Then why didn't you find out sooner—?"

Here Myra entered, laughing and shaking her head.

"Oh, Daddy, stop teasing Miss Marobone! Don't mind him, Miss Marobone, he's only fooling." But the maiden lady seemed to take it seriously.

"I'm dreadfully sorry, Myra, if I'd only known—" Mrs. Milligan came in laughing heartily.

"Och, Miss Marobone, Barker was only kiddin' you. He makes up a different recipe for anyone he hears complainin'. You should have heard what he told me to put on Pa's leg the time he fell down the cellar steps and broke it!" This made Miss Clara indignant.

"Hm, seems to me he ought to find something else to do besides makin' fun o' peoples' ailments. Wait until I see him next time! I'll tell him something!"

"How are you feeling, Mr. Curtis?" now asked Mrs. Milligan.

"Pretty stuck up, Miss Milligan," he laughed. "Them needles is a-waitin' to stick me the minute I make the least move. Ouch! Can't even turn my head."

"Well, you're pretty jolly about it. Do you get such attacks very often?"

"Been gettin' them off and on for about two years. Doctor drives it away, then all of a sudden somethin' will start it up again. This time it was the rain I got caught in." The women talked awhile longer, and then the two callers decided to leave. When they were gone, Mr. Curtis called Myra.

"Suppose you call up Father Burke and have him come down, Myra. Can't be missin' my weekly Communion, you know. I'll prob'ly get over this all right, but 'twon't hurt to keep m'books straight, so's I won't have to be ashamed of 'em when the Lord comes to look 'em over."

"All right, Daddy, I'll call him." She went to the phone, and the good Father promised to come at once. She busied herself tidying up the room and getting all in readiness.

"So that's why you wouldn't eat or drink anything this morning?"

"No. I hated to have the Father come in this steady downpour, but at last I decided it couldn't be put off any longer."

After the priest had gone, Mr. Curtis seemed

much easier. His eyes were placidly closed and his lips moved in prayer. Though it had cost him much pain, he managed to draw his hands together and interlock the fingers. Friends came and went during the day, bringing gifts of food, or remedies; but as the patient seemed to be in a doze most of the time, Myra would not have him disturbed. Finally, towards evening, Queen, Myra's collie, became very restless, whimpering, and sniffing about the kitchen in a most unaccountable manner. Myra had admitted her because she had been whimpering outside the door. Every now and then, after circling the kitchen and sniffing the air, she would let out a howl, but was quickly silenced by a word from Myra.

At last, the animal lay down before the door of Mr. Curtis's bedroom, and began to howl in long-drawn cries, nor could any word of Myra's stop her. Finally, the girl was obliged to drive the dog out of the kitchen; but even outside, the collie's eerie cries were heard. She hastened into the sick room to see if the noise had disturbed her father. He seemed asleep, but something about him caused Myra to look closer. "Father," she said, touching the folded hands. "Father!" she cried, more loudly, now shaking the hands. But there was no response, call or shake as she might. Then, with a scream of agony, she fell across the bed and wept as if her heart would break.

(To be continued)

Jesus lives in the Tabernacle to make continual satisfaction for us.

Early Mass

EMMA E. TOMLINSON

The countryside is waking now,
A new day's dawn is o'er,
And sleepy birds begin to chirp
Above the quaint church door.

The ivy rustles in the breeze
That wafts from meadow grass,
And sentinel firs stretch out their arms
Along the roadway pass.

Above, a bell—a gilded cross;
Within, a pilgrim band,
Who wait the coming of their Lord,
The blessing from His hand.

A Pioneer Maiden of Minnesota*

HELEN HUGHES HIELSCHER

As a little girl I had a close acquaintance with holy people through the Lives of the Saints of Egypt. They were most fascinating characters, living in the desert, and praying all day and all night, even praying when they were making rugs from palm leaves. They drank water from the most delicious springs, and ate grapes, and a raven brought them bread. When they died, at least one of them is recorded to have had his grave dug by two big lions that came solemnly and mournfully, and pawed a hole large enough to receive the saint's body.

I liked them so well that I dreamed of imitating them, and even went so far as to wander into a great wood near home and select my hermitage. It was under a pine tree and the ground was soft and springy from the needles shed from year to year. There was no water, but my faith was great, and I expected after a peaceful night to rise and see a spring bubbling in the sand near by.

The afternoon was rather long. There were no palm leaves to braid, and prayer did not seem to be the absorbing thing it was to the other hermits. As the sun's rays began to come low and straight across the field and the cool of evening stole into the air, my faith in the raven that was to bring the loaf began to wane, and a wretched feeling of homesickness came over me. I retreated ingloriously from my first spiritual adventure and arrived home in time for supper.

Later I became acquainted with another and different group of holy people, but I never found in them anything that touched a responsive chord in my soul—they were always so uncomfortable, suffering from a "spiritual dryness" or something. About that time I secretly and devoutly hoped that God would never call me to be a saint. As I grew older I was often shocked to hear people refer to some perfectly commonplace neighbor as a "saint," or a "saint on earth." I was quite sure they did not

understand the full implication of the word. It sounded to me like a blasphemy to say that any of the neighbors was a saint, for they were not even going through the forms.

Now, with a fuller appreciation of the word I do believe that I see saints every day, lead ordinary lives among us. Such a one was recently laid to rest in the quiet God's Acre of a religious community so near my own home that I may, every day I ride by, catch a glimpse of the black cross with its white figure in their cemetery. She who was laid there was not a Sister according to the rule, but her life was one long practice of the virtues that set Sisters apart from other women.

She came from her home in Goldau, Switzerland, when Minnesota was still a wilderness. Her father had taken up a claim in what was then known as the "Big Woods," and his family grew up there. It was a hard life in the early years, but there was wood for the fire, and timber to build the log hut, and fish in the lakes, and game in the forest, so there was no fear of starvation; besides, the land, when a patch was cultivated, yielded unbelievably.

A little group of Catholic settlers had gravitated to this locality, but they found themselves "out of bounds" as far as the practice of their faith was concerned, except for an Indian missionary who might pass that way occasionally. As early as 1857 this little band had the courage to call a meeting to consider the subject of the practice of their religion. Father von Paukisch, S. J., the historian of this parish, records: "There was no chairman, no secretary, no attempt at parliamentary usage, but they kept to their subject and decided on their plan." Their plan was nothing less than to build a church and a school. These old pioneers made no halfway work of it. They were mostly German, and therefore practical. If they were going to build a church, they would see to it that there were some parishioners—hence the school. What is more, they carried out their plan, and God so blessed their faith that they

* The subject of this sketch died recently.—EDITOR.

have to-day one of the most flourishing parishes in southern Minnesota. They who hoped for one priest now have six; who hoped for a school have now a grade and a high school; and the Sisters who came to teach in the basement of the first poor shelter in which they held services, are now established in a province with their mother house located on an adjoining hill.

It was in such surroundings that the little girl that I firmly believe was a saint grew up. There was quite a family of them, and they went to school to the Sisters when they could; but they were six miles into the woods, so their school life was not very connected. The family was not hidden from the eyes of God, however, and it pleased Him to send to this poor family in the woods the gift that is often withheld from the houses of kings—the gift of religious vocation. Four girls were called.

The second girl was the first to go. Then the eldest sister, and later a younger one. It was years after that the fourth followed them. The mother house was then in Milwaukee, far away in those times of poor travel, but their parents piously surrendered them, and took life up as best they could without them.

The eldest sister, strong and robust and cheerful, soon adjusted herself to her new life. The younger, gentle and pious, found her real home at the foot of the altar; but Sister Hospitia, as the middle one was named, was the beloved of all. She always had, even as a little girl, a wonderful liking for the care of the sick. This talent was soon noticed, and is perhaps the reason that the name Hospitia was given her in religion. Much of her time was spent in the infirmary.

The days sped quickly in the novitiate, and as she was nearing the end of her last year, and all plans were made for her profession, the blow fell. Her mother died, and the bewildered father asked and prayed for the return—not of the elder daughter or the younger, but for Hospitia. He wanted her, and the children wanted her, and the old uncle who lived with them wanted her. It was a cruel sacrifice, but softened by the thought that when the family grew up a little she could return. "Your place is here, waiting for you," the Reverend Mother said to the weeping girl. Hospitia was just

about to lay aside the habit of the novice, and kneeling at the Mother's feet, she begged that she might at least wear the plain black dress and veil of a candidate until she could come back; and the Mother, the tears streaming down her own face, took her in her arms and said, "Yes, until you come back."

Home again in the little log house, so lonely now with the mother gone, the slender black-clad figure moved. She had even retained the veil, and the neighbors said to one another, seeing that during her two years of absence she had grown into quite a beautiful girl, "She will soon put that off," and they smiled knowingly.

Sister Hospitia (I still like to call her by that name, and I think her spirit, that I here evoke, smiles well content that I should do so) soon found that the house was full of duties. Her youngest brother was only five. There were two growing sisters and two brothers, besides her father and her uncle. Were not duties the things that she loved in the convent, and could not these duties be consecrated to God here also?

Sister Hospitia was busy. She put the house in order, crowded as it was, for she loved order as they had it in the convent; but she was never too busy to say her office every day, and sometimes when the house was quiet and she was alone, she chanted parts of it.

The neighbors liked her, she was always so cheery and helpful; and by and by it came to be the right thing to send for her when there was sickness in the house. She has written about this in a little sketch that she made of her life: "I was with the sick and nursed them from schoolgirl up, even before I entered the convent. I always liked to take care of the sick. It never made any difference—young or old, day or night—I was always willing to take care of them."

Doctors were scarce in those days, and the roads were bad or no roads at all. She went afoot or on horseback. Her little buckskin mare was as well known among the settlers as she was herself—a buckskin with black trimmings; and after long years of service her place was taken by a colt that resembled the old mare so much that few noticed the change. No weather was too rough, no night too dark for her and her faithful mount when the call of

distress came. From long experience, aided by practical common sense, she developed great skill with the sick. The mothers looked on her as their good angel; and when a doctor met her in the sickroom he was always sure of competent assistance.

She was fearless, with that courage that comes from faith in the immediate protection of God. She often used to tell the story of the night she saw the Indians on the road. She was on horseback, and her first impulse was to turn and gallop toward home; "but," she said, "I thought of that poor woman alone in her great distress, so I made the Sign of the Cross and rode on. I could see them in the moonlight, hiding in the grass and under the trees, watching to see who was coming, but they never spoke a word or raised a finger."

As the years went by, the slender little figure that looked like a Sister, but was not a Sister, became a part of the community. There was one place she liked to visit, and that was the home of the Sisters of the community that she had entered. I heard from these Sisters only recently that they always replaced the dress and the veil in which she had returned home, when it was worn out. They talked to her of her return to them when the family was older, and helped to feed the little lamp of hope in her heart.

Just when it seemed that she could see her way toward return to the convent, an event occurred that shocked the whole community. A young mother, fearful and desperate, deserted her newborn child in a sort of hotel in the nearby town. It was an awkward burden on the community, where all thought their own load was as much as they could carry, and there was no place for this nameless little stranger. This was more than Sister Hospitia's kind heart could stand. She rode into town and carried the child home with her in the name of that other Little Stranger for Whom there was no room in the inns of Bethlehem—and so the goal of her desires must be moved forward.

She stayed and toiled in her little black frock and her veil, becoming day by day more and more indispensable to the community. However, time was taking its toll, and the good, kind face and the tender eyes were showing

the marks of age. She was fast approaching that midway in life when we begin to rely on faith rather than hope.

There came a time that she could think of leaving this last little boy. It would soon be too late now, so she began to arrange things so that the family might get along without her. But in the meantime the oldest brother had married; his house was full of children and his wife was not very well. The father and the uncle had passed away many years ago, and a younger sister had slipped out of the "sturm and drung" of the world into the quiet of convent life. She had always looked on this little sister whom she had partly raised as a pledge of her own return. The married brother was not doing so well in the way of worldly goods,—that was not the gift of the family. They had all left the old farm and were living on the outskirts of the town. She now lived in a little house near this brother; and presently a new interest came into her life: three of these children wished to become nuns, and Sister Hospitia lived her own young life over again in preparing them for their entry into the convent. All her own frustrations were forgotten in the call that had come to these dear ones.

Time does not stop for the events that absorb us so completely that we do not feel it passing. The family was now grown past her ministrations, but she was now a broken old woman. With youth and strength gone, she had nothing to offer to a community. The thought did not make her bitter, for she saw in all the design of God. She still wore her candidate's dress and veil, and she still read the office, and she still chanted the beautiful psalms in her little house on the hill overlooking the town. She had more time now. The baby brother was an elderly man with a grown-up family. The baby that she had taken and given a home was the head of his own house, with little ones growing up around him. He came from a far-off state to attend her funeral last week.

In her eightieth year, the baby brother took a room for her in the Old Peoples' Home, of which the Sisters had charge, though not the Sisters of her own chosen community; and there she spent very happily the remaining years of her long pilgrimage. This brother visited her daily, and so made a bond between

her and outside things. When her aged limbs at last refused the toil of carrying her light body, she had a wheel chair in which she was able to attend Mass; and now and then an old friend dropped in to see her, but there were few left of her day and age.

Perhaps no human being ever led more the life of a recluse in the midst of a busy world. She was joyous and pleasant to all, and in her younger days, took great joy in her success as a housekeeper—she was gifted in that way. Her bread was always good, and her butter, while they lived on the farm, was perfect; her little brothers and sisters were neat and tidy. These were all duties, as she saw them, and were as scrupulously performed as if she were under the eye of a superioress, but her soul passed, veiled with folded wings, untouched by the world.

A doctor who came into that community in the early years had as near a friendship with her as anyone outside the Sisters of the school. He cared for her during her failing years, and had the greatest affection and respect for her.

It was a source of amusement to many of us when the doctor got his first auto, and gave his rangy bay and his Concord buggy to Sister Hospitia. She could always manage horses, and was quite a picture: the little brown-faced woman in her black dress and veil, with a black shawl pinned over her shoulders, sitting in the high buggy on the alert, reins held firm in her black-gloved hands, while the tall bay legged it down Main street.

A story that the doctor used to tell shows the humanness of this dear old soul. On one of his drives he noticed a clump of dark green with small yellow buttons, growing by the roadside. He recognized it as tansy, and knowing that it did not grow wild in Minnesota, he wondered how it came there. There was no garden near from which it might have strayed. And then he remembered that the old house, the home of Sister Hospitia, once deep in the woods, found itself on the wayside when the new road was run through. Where the house had stood was marked by a slight green rise, and the garden must have been not far from here. He gathered a little of the tansy and thought he would make a call on Sister Hospitia and perhaps learn something more about it. The

moment the well-remembered odor came to her, a wondering look came over her face, and she said, "I smell the tansy that used to grow in our garden." She knew all about it: more than half a century before, a family of pioneers on their way to some new settlement had stayed at her father's house over night. They were from Indiana, and lonesome for their old home, even while they pushed hopefully on to a new. Among some of the things they were carrying with them was a collection of shrubs and plants. That was the origin of the tansy by a Minnesota wayside. They left a small piece of the plant, which her mother set carefully in the garden, and through all the ups and downs it had survived, though long an outcast and trampled underfoot. She sat with it in her hands all the evening, rough and ill-favored though the plant is, and took it to bed with her that night. "I dreamed," she said, "of the old home even before I went to sleep, and all night I was back there with father and mother and all of them."

She was no superwoman, but just an ordinary human being. It was always a matter of wonderment to the doctor, whose religion was of a very individual variety, that anyone so altogether good would be afraid of death. He forgot that such fear is a part of human nature, given to each of us for the important purpose of preserving our life. One day she acknowledged this fear to him, and he found himself in a bad place indeed. He was always so ready to cheer up his patients and give them courage to live—but here, what was wanted was courage to die. Then from the depths of some deep buried instructions in Christian doctrine, he brought up something that he thought might do. "Isn't it written somewhere," he said, "something about being 'faithful unto death,' and the promise of the 'crown of life'?" She repeated softly after him, "Faithful unto death." Surely her whole life would rise in testimony for her.

That was the last time the doctor saw her alive. She slipped away quietly on a sunny morning in the fall, when so many beautiful things are passing. Around her bed were the Sisters, and the priest to give the Apostolic Benediction. The loneliness of dying that she feared never came to her.

Now, when she was passed and gone, and none might criticize, the dear brave wish of her heart that she had held in secret so many years came out. From the day she had made up her mind that she could never again go back to her convent home she cherished a hope down deep in her soul that sometime, somehow, she would rest among the Sisters' dead, though she had been deprived of the desire of living with them. Her hope was in the dear, kind friend who had been Mother Superior so long at the school, and was now Mother Provincial. She alone knew the secret, for she had opened her heart to her and spoken of her inner life: "All my life I have kept the vows. Mother, take this poor old body into the shelter of your God's Acre, that I may rest among you," and the Mother Provincial, deeply moved, promised that it should be so.

There was a standing order at the Old Peoples' Home that when Sister Hospitia died, the mother house on the hill should be notified. That was why two Sisters came down, and Sister Hospitia, who had so often prepared others for the grave, was washed and dressed and placed

in the plain black coffin by the hands of consecrated women; that she was carried to the mortuary chapel on the hill and rested there, where the soft red light of the sanctuary lamp shone like a beacon all night from the chapel beyond; and that the nuns sang at the solemn Requiem Mass on the morning of her funeral.

Home at last, in her straight little black dress and veil, covered by the hood that the candidates wear when they make a journey—for was she not in from her long, long journey of eighty-eight years? And here she was at the foot of the altar, where her heart had always been.

When the coffin was placed in the hearse again, it did not take its way down into the city of men, but along the grassy road that leads to the city of the dead—the Sister dead. Here in her place in the row of graves, she was laid to rest in the hope of resurrection.

I knew her as just a plain woman struggling along in the world like the rest of us, very poor, and always helpful and cheerful—and I think she was a saint.

Roses of Grace

JAC KERSTIENS

CYNTHIA loved roses, and Fred had always employed them lavishly to make her life happy. The least shadow in her lovely blue eyes brought a deluge of roses. If, in the little ups and downs that every man and wife encounters, he wished to gain a point, roses were his unfailing ally. Or, if by word or deed or omission he chanced to offend, his apology was eloquently and effectively spoken with roses.

"Roses of grace," she called them mischievously, though with a seriousness that he loved in her voice, as she would bury her face in their dewy depths and then raise it with a smile.

But now even roses had failed. A great fragrant bunch of them stood in mute and vain appeal on the table before her. She had taken them in her arms as always and pressed her face to them. But she had not uttered those

significantly absolving words, "Roses of grace," nor had she lifted her sweet full lips to his. Her delicately strong little chin had quivered pitifully, and the long black lashes had been in tear-wet points as she tenderly and carefully placed the roses in a vase. Then she had returned to her task of folding sheer little dresses, tiny linen suits, and her own modest garments, and placing them all compactly in the huge open trunk.

"Cynthia darling," Fred implored after watching her for a moment, "you can't leave me—you can't. Doesn't marriage mean any more to you than that? Or our babies? And don't I count at all? Has your love for me become that dead?"

"Oh, Fred," she answered wearily as she stood up to her full height of five foot three and looked him squarely in the eyes, "must we

go over all that again? Can't you understand that it is because marriage means so very much to me and because I do love our babies and you? God knows I love you! You know I do! That's why it is so hard. If we could be married—right, nothing could induce me to leave. It would be unthinkable! Oh, if only we could! But we can't! We can't! Father Ryan has looked into the case thoroughly, but there's nothing he can do."

"That's all tommyrot, Cynthia, I tell you. We are married. How can we help the fact that I was married before?"

"But, Fred, the fact remains that you *were* married before."

"Even so, dear, I can see no reason that you can't become a Catholic if you want to. I have no objection, and we could be married over again by a priest. The Catholic Church, I understand, does not recognize a marriage that takes place otherwise, so that makes my first marriage null and void in her sight."

"Fred, that is the very point that won me in the first place. I had always been taught that the Catholic Church holds all marriages outside her pale as illegal, the children of those unions illegitimate. It always made me furious. I attended that mission with Mrs. Murphy merely to challenge that stand. I was thinking of our marriage, Fred, yours and mine, and of our babies. The thought of your first marriage did not enter my mind—then. I have learned since that the Catholic Church condemns those marriages contracted other than before a priest only in instances where one or both parties are Catholic. She holds Protestant marriages as sacred and indissoluble as Catholic marriages, provided both parties are free to marry.

"Then I remembered your first marriage—and divorce. I wanted to stop right there, but something impelled me to go on, to learn more. I did. And now I am convinced that the Catholic Church is divinely instituted, and the only means of salvation for those who recognize her as such. And, Fred, dear, I want to save my soul. I want us all to be happy hereafter. Life is so short, but all eternity depends on how we spend it. I want to raise our children Catholics, and I can't teach them the Truth if I myself live a lie. Oh, don't you see that there is

nothing else to do but part? You are Ethel's husband until death do you part."

"But Ethel left me," he tried to reason, unable to see the situation as it was so plainly revealed to her. "She left me for another man. She is married to that man now, and I am married to you. You and our babies are all in the world that matters to me. My marriage with Ethel was a mistake from first to last. You are the woman I love, the woman God gave me—if there is a God. Don't destroy the little faith I have in Him, Cynthia."

There was a moment of silence in which Fred thought Cynthia wavered. But her next words wiped away any such hope.

"Fred, dear," she said very quietly as she took a step nearer him, her hands going out in a gesture of appeal, and on her face, so sweet and young and lovable was the expression of infinite distress, of desperate pleading, "won't you let me take you to Father Ryan? He can explain these things so much better than I. He—"

"I'll be d—d if I will!" he exploded angrily. "I don't care to know why a religion will break up a home like this—the very thing it claims not to do. I've learned more than I want to already." So saying he strode out the door.

He paused on the steps for a moment and watched his golden-haired babies, little Cynthia, aged four, and Junior, three, playing on their sand pile in the early morning sunshine. It was one of Cynthia's wise ideas that children should rise early, forming from the beginning that character-building habit, and at the same time reap the benefit of the pure morning air and sunshine. She always put them to bed for a few hours after lunch for that extra sleep children need.

He wondered, as he looked at them and listened to their gleeful prattle, how this separation was to affect their precious little lives. It seemed to him that their very existence should sanctify their parents' marriage. His former marriage had been childless. Why should such a marriage be the valid one, as Cynthia calls it, when these two little lives speak so eloquently and convincingly for the second marriage? And besides, Fred and Cynthia loved each other, and their lives had been

a perfect symphony of happiness—up to now. It was like a pit of blackness to the young father, where no light was visible, this calamity of separation. At least he knew that Cynthia thought sincerely that it was the only right procedure to take.

While Fred directed the course of the business that his efficiency and hard work, born of determination that his loved ones should have the material joys of life, had built up to its present peak of success, his mind was pondering his private affairs. And before noon he had come to the happy conclusion that Cynthia and the babies would be back. There would be no other way. She would have a pleasant and much needed visit with her parents, and they would convince her, if her own heart did not, that her place was with her husband, the father of her babies. He knew, and the knowledge was a great comfort to him, that her parents would never tolerate Catholicity under their roof.

Fred lunched at a small downtown café. He could not go home to find Cynthia packed and ready to leave and the babies prattling about "going to see Granma and Grampa." He should take them to the station and see them off, he knew, but he did not feel equal to the occasion. Cynthia would not want him to anyway. He knew it was breaking her heart to leave him and the little home she loved so well. But she would suffer anything for what she thought was right. That was Cynthia, and he loved her not a whit less for it.

That evening Fred went home to an empty house. No laughing babies met him at the gate. No loving wife greeted him at the door.

Hanna had his supper ready, and spoke casually of the family's trip, hoping they'd have a nice visit, and commiserating that he couldn't have gone along too.

In the days that followed, loneliness almost drove Fred mad. Cynthia had written only one short note, telling him of their safe arrival.

But every day Fred went home with the hope—almost the expectancy—of finding her home again, or at least a letter saying that she was coming. He had written her daily, exhorting her to come back, tempting her with the reminder of their love, their children, and the lovely little home that he knew was dear to her

heart. "I bought a cluster rose vine," he told her in one letter, "had it dug up with plenty of earth about its roots, and have planted it under your favorite window. They are 'roses of grace,' dear, and they are the ever-blooming variety."

Then, one day, when he came in, a letter lay on the little table in the hall. He snatched it up and tore it open. It was from his mother-in-law, and read:

"Dear Fred,

We have just learned the facts of Cynthia's coming home. It is preposterous! We are sending her and the children back on the five-thirty train to-morrow. She is going willingly enough since we told her she must. Be patient with her and she will soon get over this Romish notion."

Fred crammed the letter into his pocket as he glanced at his watch. Twelve-thirty. In just three hours they'd be home again, his wife and babies.

"Hanna," he called jubilantly, "the missus and kiddies will be here by dinner time, so have fried chicken, for they love it."

Fred went to a florist's that afternoon and had a huge box of roses sent home.

Dear little Cynthia! She was humbling herself and coming back to him. But he did not want her to feel humbled. He wanted her to know how he wanted her and needed her. How he loved her. He'd make up to her in a thousand ways for her disappointment in not being able to become a Catholic. Surely some other church would suffice—it must.

Fred was standing happily expectant at the station gate when the train pulled in. But his heart sank when his loved ones were not among the many passengers who got off.

"Missed the train," he tried to console himself. But in his heart he knew. He knew she was not coming back!

An exchange of wires with his mother-in-law swept away every doubt—and hope. Mrs. Huber had put Cynthia and the children on the five-thirty train as she had written him.

It was then that Fred Mason became bitter, that he vowed to compel Cynthia to return to him. She'd come humbly enough, he was sure, for, how could she live without funds or

friends? A frail little thing like her, without any training to make a living, and with two babies on her hands, would be helpless. Or, if she did contrive some way to make a living, he would take the case to court and wrest the children from her. He knew that would bring her to her senses—to his terms. He waited.

After several weeks had passed and he had had no word from her, he determined to find her. But seven years passed before his efforts were crowned with success.

One Sunday morning in spring he came to the little cottage in a far distant city. There were early roses blooming around the door, and a few potted plants sitting out in the clear sunshine. He rapped authoritatively at the door. No answer. He rapped again, then tried the knob. The door was unlocked and he entered.

There were three rooms, all specklessly clean and bright in their poverty. There were two small bedrooms and a larger room that, besides being living-dining room and kitchen, bore all the aspects of a laundry. Cynthia a washerwoman! Impossible! But there seemed no other explanation for the huge washing machine that bore evidence of constant use, of the tubs, the boiler, and the labeled baskets of clothes. In spite of himself Fred felt momentarily humbled. He felt awed and reluctantly respectful of a religion that was given such willing sacrifice.

Sacrifice! The word smote him with an evil potency. To him it was pagan, idolatrous. The hatred in his heart seethed and grew, crowding out the sentiments of the moment before. The hatred for the church that had brought his loved ones—to this. There is little wonder, he thought, that Catholics are called ignorant, to follow so blindly and slavishly the dictates of her laws, even to their own physical disadvantage.

Fred had heard of women "getting religion" at revival meetings, and in their frenzy doing queer things. But they soon recovered and were their normal selves again, while Cynthia—seven years! But he had to admit, as he looked about the bright and orderly rooms—that reflected bright and orderly lives—that it looked like anything but the result of frenzy. There was something enduring and even sub-

lime about it all. Thus the pendulum of his reasoning swung back and forth.

He decided to wait for them. What would Cynthia say when she would find him here? How would she greet him? What were the children like? If only he could tell her that things were different now, and that they could be married according to her sense of right. The thought had never occurred to him before, but now he felt that it would be the happiest moment of his life if he could tell Cynthia that Ethel were dead.

"But why," he asked bitterly the next moment, "must our happiness depend upon another's death? That is certainly not Christ-like."

The poverty of the small neat rooms oppressed Fred, so he went out into the yard. It was a tiny yard with a closely-clipped lawn and gallant rosebeds, the result of busy, loving hands. There was a sturdy little red wagon pulled up into one corner. Junior's. Fred supposed that Junior collected and delivered those baskets of clothes with it. His son pulling laundry about for a washerwoman! Well, he'd put a stop to that. If Cynthia persisted in this insane obsession he'd take the children from her. He'd take them anyway. They were his children, and that's what he'd come for. Cynthia could come with them—or she could stay and scrub dirty clothes, just as she pleased.

"Are you looking for Mrs. Mason?" a cheery voice called from over the picket fence.

"Yes," he answered, lifting his hat. "Could you tell me where she has gone, or when she is likely to be back?"

"Both," smiled the woman in the next yard. "She and the children have gone to Mass at St. Mary's, and I don't think they will be back much before noon."

"Where is St. Mary's?"

The church was only three blocks distant.

Fred had intended waiting at the church door until Cynthia and the children came out, but, almost unconsciously, he followed a group of late arrivals inside, and was shown to a pew about midway up the main aisle. He sank to his knees as a strange sense of awe overwhelmed him.

It was the first time Fred had ever attended Mass, the first time he had ever been inside a

Catholic church. He had occasionally gone to other churches, and now the contrast reminded him of their emptiness, like deserted and crumbling temples. He forgot for the moment why he was in this Catholic church. It was as if all the events of his life had led him to this place of hallowed peace.

Presently he lifted his eyes altarward. The services seemed for the moment suspended. The priest was seated on the right of the altar, on either side of him a small boy. The lad nearest caught Fred's eye.

It was his son.

"My boy!" Fred breathed almost aloud. "My own son!" The father's heart swelled with pride, and his eyes became misted. Suddenly he realized that Cynthia was right, and that by following her convictions she had given their children some eternal quality far more important than a comfortable home and clothes and food. Some sublime quality of which he, Fred, was getting only a glimpse of now through the eyes of his soul. And that soul cried out for a wider, clearer vision.

Presently a number of people went up the aisle and knelt at the Communion rail, and he saw Cynthia and little Cynthia among them. Cynthia was as slender and golden as ever, but her frail shoulders were slightly stooped. The little girl was a brief counterpart of her mother's fair loveliness.

He watched them as they came back down the aisle, hands clasped devoutly and eyes cast down, and with faces radiant with an inner glow of happiness.

They came very near, almost touched him as they passed. How he longed to reach out and draw them to him and share that heavenly peace that was so obviously theirs.

He was praying now, praying for the first time within the scope of his memory, and he had a strange intuition that his prayers were united with those of his loved ones.

Could it be possible that they were praying for him? Had their prayers moved God to bring him to this holy place, and infuse his soul with a thirst for knowledge of things eternal?

Fred knelt until the Mass was over and the people had filed out and the great church was deserted except for a scattered few.

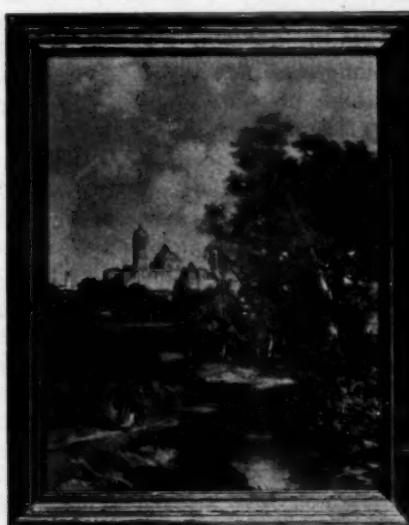
The next morning before leaving the city Fred Mason went to the bank and deposited an account in Cynthia's name, then sent her a box of exquisite, long-stemmed roses. The roses would speak his message more eloquently than any words he could say or write, he was sure.

Then he went back to the empty house where old Hanna served his meals and he ate alone. But he was not lonely now. The memory of the faces of his loved ones, as he had seen them in the church of St. Mary, filled his thoughts and solaced his heart. Besides, he had been to Father Ryan and was being instructed in the Faith—that Faith in which Cynthia had found such strength and peace, in

which she had found such happiness in spite of the loneliness and yearning and heartbreak that he knew she suffered.

Some of the tenets were hard for him to grasp, darkness had lain so long and heavy in his heart. But at last the light shone through, putting to flight every shadow of doubt.

When Fred was received into the Church he felt nearer to his loved ones than ever before, even in those days when they had shared his hearthstone.



Facsimile reproduction of the original Moran painting. No artist was ever more alive to the picturesque aspects of Mexican life than Thomas Moran. The stately dome of the old Mexican Mission church and the trudging figure in the foreground catch and hold the eye with pleasure. Picture 12 x 16 in. — Fittingly framed in rubbed gold frame.

Given with 3 YEAR SUBSCRIPTION \$4.
See page 385 for other gifts and coupon.

Benedict, The Last Roman Hero

A Story for Youth

HILARY DEJEAN, O. S. B.

THIS story begins in Rome 1500 years ago, in the Rome of the ancients, in the Rome of great heroes, and it is about the last of these great heroes of Rome.

For Rome in 494 was no more the Rome of Caesar and Augustus. After conquering the world, the Romans had grown rich and idle and soft. Suddenly out of the North of Europe—Gaul, Germany, etc.—the barbarians had swept down upon that Rome which under Julius Caesar had defeated them in so many battles. However, it was not the strong, brave Rome of old, and so it fell before them.

But not all the great Romans were dead. He who was to be looked upon by historians as the last of the great Romans was just born with his twin sister about the time of the fall of Rome.

Anicius Eutropius, of the ancient, noble family of the Anici, was his father, his mother was Claudia, who as Countess of the Province of Nursia had married Eutropius. The twins born in 480 were a boy and a girl. Being good Christians, they gave to the boy the name Benedict, meaning Blessed, to the girl, the name Scholastica.

Their mother died soon after their birth. But wealthy as they were, they did not lack good care and a pious upbringing.

Benedict grew up on the family estates in Nursia till his fourteenth year, when it was thought proper by his father to send him to the great capital, Rome, there to get the education befitting a Roman nobleman.

Thus we find this fine-looking nobleman in 494 established in his city palace, ready to begin his higher education. His good faithful nurse, Cyrilla, was with him, for she loved him as her own son and wanted still to serve him and look out for him.

What kind of young man was this Benedict of Nursia, who was destined by Almighty God to save the civilized world from sinking back

into barbarism, who was to be the strong man of history, and to number hundreds of thousands of men among his followers?

They tell us that he was tall and strongly built and that he had taken advantage of every opportunity he had had to fit himself into the world. More than this, he had learned while still young that it pays to be clean of heart and to obey; and in prayer and at Mass and in receiving Holy Communion he had found a sweetness which every young man finds who is pure and strong in resisting temptation.

What did he find the great city to be like? Well, Rome was indeed Christian, but it had a barbarian Emperor and the city had become very wicked again. There was fighting and bloodshed frequently on the streets, and impurity and rottenness was everywhere. Thus when Benedict went to school he saw that the morals of his schoolmates were shocking; they talked about indecent things and showed in every way that their morals were low.

THE FLIGHT

But he had determined to keep pure; he had not been brought up to this sort of thing, and his powerful will was not going to give in to the temptations that met him everywhere. Yet he knew that a person cannot easily keep his high ideals amid filthy surroundings. The only thing for him to do was to break away, and he must break away completely—leave it all.

Put yourself in his place. He would soon be a man. This palace he lived in, all these servants about him, those vast estates of the province of Nursia—all was to be his own. He was soon to put on the honored toga of a Roman noble. Life certainly smiled sweetly at him.

But in character he was already a man, a strong man; strong and big enough to do great things. He saw the right thing to do, what

God wanted him to do, and nothing could stop him.

He didn't tell anyone of his plans excepting his good nurse Cyrilla. And though she certainly must have been startled, she saw that he was right and determined to help him.

So with his motherly nurse Benedict secretly stole away to live alone for God and where God would direct him. On foot they left Rome and traveled east towards the mountains.

Did you ever hear the story of the rich young man in the Gospels who wanted to do something great for God? He came to Jesus one day and first put this question to Him: "Master, what must I do to be saved?" He must have been an attractive lad, for we are told that Jesus looked at him and loved him. "Observe the Commandments," Jesus told him, "and you will be saved." And He told him the Commandments. "But I have observed all these since I was a child." He wanted to do more—to be as perfect as possible. So Jesus told him, "If you want to be perfect, give up all your wealth and all that goes with it, and come, follow me." Precisely the call that the rich young Benedict heard in his own heart. But here the two stories differ. The young man in the Gospel didn't have the strength of character to give it all up, and he went away from Jesus sad; Benedict was strong enough to follow the call, and so we find him walking away from Rome to the life of poverty God had called him to.

You may be sure that he had learned to pray, that he was already a holy youth and very close to God. This was proved by what happened in the first town in which he stopped.

THE BROKEN SIEVE

This was a little village now called Affile in Italy. The inhabitants were good people and received the pair with Christian kindness. Benedict spent a great deal of the time there in the little church. He was anxious about what God wanted him to do now and prayed much for light and strength. Cyrilla helped the women with their work and cooked for Benedict.

She had borrowed an earthenware sieve from some housewife and then she came to grief. She let it fall and it broke in two. Returning from the church, Benedict found her weeping

over the two broken pieces. He took them from her, went aside, and knelt down to pray. Here was a chance to see how he stood with his God for whom he had left everything.

He prayed fervently—yes, for a miracle. He had faith and the friendship of God, and God answered him. The sieve was mended and made whole and Cyrilla was made happy.

Of course, a thing like that couldn't be kept quiet; soon the whole village was crowding about this young wonder-worker, admiring him and begging his prayers. Here was real temptation to a young man to play the hero and be praised. But Benedict, already wise with the wisdom learned from his good life and the grace of God, fled from it. This time he didn't even tell his motherly nurse Cyrilla; he slipped away alone, away into the depths of the mountains. He was sure now that God was with him and approved of the life he intended to take up—that of a hermit away from all the world, hidden in the mountains.

So in his brave, strong way he went, trusting in God; and God looked out for him. He brought it about that Benedict met a holy priest, a monk from a near-by monastery. This monk's name was Romanus. Seeing that this was a holy man, Benedict told him his whole story. Of course, Romanus was amazed to hear of such a resolution on the part of a mere lad. He questioned Benedict, told him how hard such a thing would be for him, but found him wise and strong. So he not only approved of the step, but promised his help in every way.

(To be continued)

Children's Corner

(Continued from page 411)

Little Arthur was getting ready to go to the zoo. "I want some sugar," he said. "I can have lots of fun with a bag of lump sugar and the elephants."

"When I was your age," remarked his father, "I could have a heap of fun with a bag of lump sugar without any elephants."

"Come, Tommy, even if you have hurt yourself a bit, you shouldn't cry."

"What's—crying—for—then?" asked Tommy.

"Papa, I saved ten cents to-day. I ran all the way to school behind a street car."

"Why didn't you run behind a taxicab and save a dollar?"

KWEERY KORNER

REV. HENRY COURTNEY, O. S. B., Editor, St. Benedict's Abbey, Atchison, Kan.

RULES FOR THE QUESTION BOX

Questions must be placed on a separate sheet of paper used for that purpose only.

All questions must be written plainly and on one side of the paper.

No name need be signed to the question.

Questions of a general and public nature only will be answered; particular cases and questions should be taken to pastor or confessor.

No questions will be answered by mail; special answers cannot be given in this column.

All questions will be answered in the order received.

Send questions to THE GRAIL, St. Meinrad, Ind.

NOTE:

(1) The questioner from East Boston, Mass., asking for a medal of Saint Dympna, is requested to apply to some reliable Church Goods House for the same.

(2) The editor of this column would recommend that the questioner from Detroit, Mich., should kindly take her case to her own Pastor, who, in turn, will be glad to consult the Bishop in question and thus the difficulty may be easily adjusted.

Why was Sacrifice chosen by the human race as a means of honoring God?

Sacrifice was not chosen by the human race to honor God, but was taught the human race by Almighty God. A reading of the first five books of the Holy Bible will amply satisfy the proper curiosity of the questioner in this matter.

Who is the author of the "Dies Irae"?

This wonderful hymn is attributed to Thomas of Celano, a Franciscan Friar, who lived in the thirteenth century.

How often can I receive Holy Communion between confessions and how often should one go to confession between Communions?

Your question was asked in a slightly different way and answered in the April, 1929, issue of THE GRAIL. We take the liberty, therefore, of repeating the answer given on that occasion. This matter, first of all, is one that should be left entirely to the direction of your regular confessor. And the frequent communicant will do very well to choose a regular confessor. It is not necessary to go to confession each time that one goes to Holy Communion, provided, of course, that the communicant is not in the state of mortal sin. The law of the Church is that one is obliged to go to confession once a year. Strictly speaking, one could go to Communion every day and only have to go to confession once during the year, saving always, that the person has no mortal sin on the soul. But such a practise is not to be recommended. Pious souls approach the tribunal of penance each week—longer than two weeks between confessions is not advisable as a rule, even to perfect souls who communicate daily.

Is Aubrey the name of a Saint?

Aubrey is a derivative form of the name Alberic. There are five Saints of the name Alberic, the chief being the Bishop of Utrecht, whose feast occurs on November 14th.

Is there any special posture prescribed for the laity during the Absolution at a funeral Mass?

No. Follow the general custom obtaining in your own parish church.

I attended the Forty Hours' Devotion in a certain church some time ago and saw that the statues were all draped in white. Is that custom common and is it permitted?

The custom here referred to is not common, but it is permitted by the Clementine Instruction, published by Pope Clement XII in 1731.

Seeing a question sometime ago in your column concerning the religion of some of our Presidents I wish to ask if any of our Presidents professed no religion.

Thomas Jefferson and Abraham Lincoln were not affiliated with any church.

If a Catholic owns a store in a small town, is he obliged to keep his place of business closed on a Holy Day?

The editor takes it that you mean Holy Days that do not fall on Sunday. When a Holy Day comes on one of the week days you would be permitted to keep open your place of business, provided closing the same would result in any loss of money or business. It might be advisable to consult your own pastor in the matter, since a large variety of circumstances may enter into such a case and most of them of a local nature.

If a girl earns her own money and purchases things for her mother, is she obliged to tell the mother what she paid for the things?

If this girl is of age she is not obliged to tell the mother the price she paid for the articles. Should she still be a minor, then she should inform her mother of the price paid for such articles, if questioned by the mother. A dutiful daughter, whether minor or of age, ordinarily will not hesitate to be frank and confidential with her mother in such matters.

Is it necessary for a Catholic couple going to be married, and the woman a widow, to have the banns announced three times in the church? Should they be married in the church or in the priest's house?

The proclamation of the banns holds in this case the same as any other, unless dispensation from the proclamation has been obtained from the proper authorities. Unless there should be a grave reason to the contrary, the marriage should take place in the church, and preferably at Holy Mass. The editor asks you to take your case to your own pastor and follow his advice.

I am the owner of a store. Is it sinful for me to criticize clerks with the manager?

On all matters pertaining directly to the business in question, you are permitted to discuss the clerks with the manager. It is permitted superiors to discuss their subjects on all affairs touching the relationship in which they find themselves.

Is it necessary to recite any special prayers at the three principal parts of the Mass?

No special prayers are obligatory at the three principal parts of the Mass. Your editor would recommend the use of the prayers found in the Missal. At the time of the Consecration, if the pious faithful look directly at the elevated host and recite the words: "My Lord and My God!" they may obtain an indulgence of seven years and seven times forty days; plenary once a week, if these words are said daily, whether at elevation or at solemn exposition.

Our Sioux Indian Missions

Conducted by CLARE HAMPTON

OUR SIOUX INDIAN MISSIONARIES

Rev. Ambrose Mattingley, O. S. B., and Rev. Damian Preske, O. S. B. Mail to St. Michael, N. D. Express and freight via Fort Totten, N. D.

Rev. Pius Boehm, O. S. B., Rev. Justin Snyder, O. S. B., and Rev. Fintan Baltz, O. S. B. Mail to Stephan, S. D. Express and freight via Highmore, S. D.

Rev. Sylvester Eisenman, O. S. B., and Rev. Hildebrand Elliott, O. S. B. Mail to Marty, S. D. Express and freight via Ravinia, S. D.

LITTLE FLOWER SCHOOL

A new little paper has made its appearance, with a message from the missions. It is called "Northern Lights," a very beautiful and appropriate name, and is edited by Father Damian Preske, O. S. B., at St. Michael, North Dakota, which is the address of the Little Flower School also. It is a very interesting paper indeed, and the subscription price is \$1.00. All those interested in the happenings at the Mission will do well to subscribe to it. This will help to support the Mission.

Father Ambrose writes that the sewing machine purchased by contributions from *GRAIL* readers, has arrived. "You should have seen the look of relief and contentment on the faces of the Sisters when it was brought in," he says. "We can easily use three more in the school, and two for each of our two sewing societies." (Donations for these sewing machines may be sent to Clare Hampton, 5436 Holly Hills Ave., St. Louis, Mo., who is able to purchase them very cheaply in St. Louis.)

To continue with the letter: "We have a chance of getting some Red Cross cloth, (made up and distributed to the poor out of the surplus cotton crop of the South.) This the Indian women would gladly make up into clothing for the needy if we could only get the machines. The Indians took quite an interest in politics this year. The missionaries did nothing to influence their vote other than to instruct them to vote intelligently and conscientiously. In some precincts the Indian vote was quite heavy. That many of them regarded the privilege as a patriotic duty is evidenced by the trouble they took to reach the polls. I know of several who walked quite a distance through snow and over rough roads in order to cast their vote."

IMMACULATE CONCEPTION MISSION

Father Fintan is going about and finding many cases of such desperate poverty that is almost unbelievable to him. He found one old lady almost totally blind. If it were not for the help the Mission gives these poor people, they would suffer terribly during the cold winter. The Indians are making splendid progress with their societies. Father Fintan had a church bazaar at the little Mission at Fort Thompson, and while his returns were very small, still the result was

such as to encourage the Indians greatly. The St. Mary's Society made several quilts, which were sold, and the ladies were so pleased because they could do something for the church.

Don't forget about that kitchen shower for Father Justin; he says they are especially in need of cups, saucers, plates, knives, forks, and spoons. Because of the new building, the number of children admitted has increased greatly, and the Mission finds itself without enough dishes and utensils in the kitchen. Go to the five-and-ten-cent store, and select a few pieces there to send to Father. All sorts of utensils, pots, pans, and dishes may be obtained there at small cost. If everyone sends three or four pieces, what a help that will be! Come, let us give Father a real surprise. He said his hair is getting grayer and grayer, what with worrying about making ends meet for his big family. Boys clothing and shoes will be welcomed too.

ST. PAUL'S MISSION

This Mission now has a high school, which will help to keep the boys and girls out of secular schools where they are in danger of losing their religion. Sister reports splendid progress, especially among the girls. Along with their studies, they take up manual training, and already, there are a number of good cooks and seamstresses among them. They can keep a room or kitchen just as clean and tidy as anyone could wish. The girls like to fix up and ornament the rooms too, showing that even though they are Indians, they are all "sisters under the skin," liking nice furnishings, just as their white sisters do.

The winter has started in with full force, and coal has not gone down very much in price, in spite of the depression. The biggest part of the cost goes to the railroad company for freight; wood, too, is scarce in Dakota, and really costs more per heat unit than coal.

Possibly some of our readers have wondered where to find Marty on the map. The Mission lies in the south central part of South Dakota not far from the Missouri River in Charles Mix County. With the road map in your hand, follow state highway 50 west from Yankton. On the way you pass such familiar names as Tabor, Tyndall, Avon, Dante, Wagner. About seven miles beyond this latter place, the highway makes a right-angled turn to the North. When you have arrived at this point, you will notice to your left a gravelled road leading to the South. This has its terminus at Marty, only six miles distant. Pause here for a while to consider how persistent effort plus charity in the hands of a competent missioner can cause even the bleak prairies to bud forth a flourishing mission from which the grace of God radiates abundantly to the neglected red men.

Until recently the intervening stretch of road between Marty and the highway was a frequent source

(Continued on page 411)



CHILDREN'S CORNER

AGNES BROWN HERING

"JUST AN HOUR AGAIN WITH MOTHER"

Just an hour again with Mother,
Just another baby-prayer;
Just a word to say I Love Her,
Just to feel her tender care.
Come back, sunny days of childhood—
Give me one more hour to roam
Through the fragrant dell and wildwood,
For another glimpse of home.

—Harvey E. Barbee.

LAMENT

The land that was Judea is not silenced;
All night the winds cry their loss
Of the Man called Christ—violenced
With nails and gall upon the cross.

Wretched people! What grief is yours!
He walked your streets—you knew His face,
Witnessed miracles and wondrous cures
Wrought in love of you, His Chosen Race!

Israel! Israel! I do grieve with you
And feel the ache of your despair;
Oh, there must be something you can do;
Or is it that you know but do not dare?

—Maria Gracia.

FATHER TOM BURKE'S MOTHER

The mother of the great Dominican preacher, Father "Tom" Burke, was much beloved by her gifted son. He used to say: "My mother, the old convent in Galway, and the first dawning of my vocation are built up in my soul together; the first, my mother, the most intimate and endearing of all." Yet, though Father Burke was an only son—indeed, an only child—he was by no means coddled. When in his youth he needed the rod (which, according to his own story, was often) his mother did not hesitate to apply it. He often told that his mother considered such corrective acts part of her sacred duty to her boy, and she always began them with prayer: "Direct, O Lord, our actions and carry them on by Thy gracious assistance," she would gravely say, to the terror of her delinquent son. "When I saw my mother enter the room, make the sign of the cross, and solemnly invoke the light of

the Holy Ghost to direct her, I knew I could expect no mercy," said Father Burke. "I never got such a beating as that directed by the Holy Spirit, and I have never forgotten it. At times by way of variety the word *direct* was changed to *prevent*. But it never did prevent. Down the lash always came." Perhaps if we had more such mothers at the present day, we should also have more Father Tom Burkes.

LONGING FOR HEAVEN—A FIRST COMMUNION STORY

Adapted from the German by F. Patrick, O. S. B.

In a small village near Bochum in Germany, a little off the country road stands a house with a little garden where flowers and all sorts of vegetables grow in the summer. Within, behind the glittering windows, dwells a good, hard-working family, Henry Jagers and his wife, Gertrude, and their five children.

It is early morning, about six o'clock. The day is just beginning to dawn. But from the windows of the house a light has long been shining. By six o'clock Mr. Jagers has to be at the factory where the fires are glowing and the hammers are sounding. That means that he must rise early to prepare a little coffee before going to work.

When the tower clock strikes six and the factory whistle blows the mother climbs the stairs and knocks on the door of the little room where the three older children are sleeping. The knocking, however, is only for the two older children, the younger children may sleep a little longer.

"Marie, it is time to get up."

"Yes, mother." Marie is up immediately and while she hurriedly dresses she recites all the little prayers which she has learned from her mother, and she prays especially to her guardian angel, to whom she has a special devotion, because he is with her day and night.

When Marie has finished washing, it is time to wake little Johnny who sleeps over in the corner. "Come on, Johnny," she says to the sleepy boy, "You must also go to church. We must hurry up otherwise we shall be late." Finally Johnny creeps out from under the covers.

"Make the sign of the cross," urges Marie, as she energetically shakes the arm of the sleepy head. And then Johnny also says his prayers, although somewhat drowsily. Finally he kneels for a minute under the crucifix as his sister had already done.

Meanwhile it has become light in the room and one sees the third child, with its red cheeks and blond head still deep in slumber. As he does not go to school until after dinner, he can sleep longer. On the wall by the side of the bed is a row of pretty holy pictures. These are little prizes which Marie has won in the school for her good work. She has them hung here on the wall so that she can see them every morning and be reminded of them that to-day is another day on which she must be good and industrious. The Child Jesus and the saints, who are pictured there, must help Marie to keep her good resolutions. She is the eldest of the five children and must give the others good example.

Now Johnny has finished and Marie has combed his hair, although he ought to be able to do that himself. Now they run down the stairs to mother. "Good morning, Mother," cry both the children together. And the mother smiles and is glad that she has such good children. Then the children take some coffee and the mother fixes their breakfast for them. This is hardly done when the church bell begins to ring.

"It is time, Johnny," cries Marie, as she drinks her coffee in a hurry.

"Good-by, Mother," they shout as they leave.

"Pray for father and for me," calls the mother after them.

"We do every day, don't we, Johnny?" answered Marie, and they hurried off to church.

In the afternoon when school was over, Marie, all out of breath, came running into the house exclaiming, "Mother! Mother!"

"What is it, dear? Have you won another prize?"

"Oh no! no! it is something much grander than that. On Whitsunday I may make my first Holy Communion!"

The mother looked smilingly into the bright eyes of her little girl. "Are you so happy, on that account?"

"Mother, I cannot tell you how happy I am," and she embraced her mother lovingly. "Do you know, Mother, I have prayed so long to our dear Savior and to my guardian angel that I might soon be able to make my first Holy Communion. When I see others receive the Holy Sacrament, I wish so much that I could also."

"Now, my child, pray hard that you may be worthy to go to Holy Communion on Whitsunday."

"Yes, Mother, I will; and my holy guardian angel must help me to prepare myself."

Marie was always a good girl and a joy to her mother, but now she was even better. Long after the other children had begun to sleep she was still kneeling by her bed praying that Our Lord would show her what she must do in order to please Him. But Marie did not only pray. The whole day was for her a preparation for the coming of our Savior. She studied hard, especially her catechism. She was all kindness and friendliness to the other pupils. At home she was always ready for any service which her mother might ask. If she had to care for her little sisters and brothers, she would tell them all about our dear Savior and how He comes to us in this Holy Sacrament. When

she had much time to play, she would run into the church to make a visit to the Blessed Sacrament.

Quiet and filled with holy joy, Marie would return from her visit to the Blessed Sacrament. She had spoken with God concerning her future. She wished Him to save a very little place in heaven for her, immediately on her first Holy Communion day or shortly thereafter. She was only a poor little girl who would very gladly go to heaven to be with God.

When she reached home, the dressmaker was there to take the measurements for her first Holy Communion dress. Her mother wished that she have two dresses, one for Sundays, and the other for week days. "Why so many dresses mother, when I might die soon? I would so gladly go to heaven."

Marie's mother became angry. Once before she had scolded Marie for speaking of dying soon. Marie was hale and hearty, and her mother thought that it was only self-will that made her speak so.

"But it is possible that I may die soon," said Marie again.

"You bad girl," scolded her mother, giving Marie two blows on the cheeks, "I'll drive this nonsense out of you. Come here immediately and have your measurement taken."

Poor Marie was frightened. It had been years since her mother had struck her, therefore it hurt so much the more. Two big tears come into her eyes. She would have liked to creep into a corner and let out her feelings with tears. Old enough for first Holy Communion—and to receive blows! She had not meant to be bad.



This player has just kicked a goal for his home team. What a cheering went up from the side lines! Plenty of hoarse voices the day after but it was worth it, wasn't it fellows?

The ball that went soaring over the bar was none other than our "NOTRE DAME". Turn to page 385 for illustration.

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But then she thought of the Savior. She had promised Him to bear all difficulties in imitation of Him and out of love for Him. It was difficult, but she would not fail. She bit her lips and remained silent while the dressmaker took her measurement. Yes, perhaps the Savior had purposely sent this humiliation.

Her mother stood at the window and watched her. She was sorry that she had been so rude with Marie, but she would make up for it by having the dresses made more beautiful.

But Marie could not give up the thought that she was to die soon. She had prayed for this grace and it would not be refused to her. However, she dared not say anything in the presence of her mother, but the thought was often in her mind.

Marie was telling her little brother and sister about the happiness that would be hers when the Savior would come into her heart. The mother was in another room. Astonished that the children were so quiet she tiptoed to the door and listened. She was touched to hear Marie talking so beautifully of her first Holy Communion. But when the little girl began to tell how she would soon be in heaven, up above all the stars, the mother became angry again. She determined to be very strict with Marie.

Opening the door she called: "Come here, Marie!"

Marie arose and left the room. "If you do not stop that silly talk about dying, your father will have to give you a good punishment. I am tired of it. You have even been telling the neighbors about that foolish notion."

Marie answered humbly, "Oh Mother, don't be angry with me. I have so often prayed to the good Lord to take me to Him, and I often have the feeling as though I should die soon."

"Ah! that is all childishness. A good first Communion child should above all be obedient, and should not cause her parents any trouble. I hope that this will be the last we hear of that foolishness. If not, I will speak to our pastor so that he may make you wait a year."

"Oh no, please, Mother, don't do that!" said Marie who was struck with fear. "I will be obedient and I will not speak any more of dying."

"All right then, see that you don't."

* * * * *

Whitsunday was an ideal day. The sun sent its rays to warm the hearts of all. Everyone seemed more joyful than usual. Marie was very happy. She was thinking no longer of dying, she was thinking of the great joy that was soon to be hers. Modestly and rapt in prayer she knelt at her place until after the pastor mounted the pulpit. Afterwards all the first communicants, with candles in their hands, advanced to the altar. There they promised always to love Christ and to renounce Satan and his works. The minutes now flew by. The bell rang at the "Sanctus" to warn the people of this most sacred part of the Mass. Soon it rang again to ask if all were ready for the heavenly guest, and each one prayed: "Oh Lord, I am not worthy that Thou shouldst enter under my roof, say but the word and my soul shall be healed."

After receiving Holy Communion Marie knelt again in her place. Her heart was full of joy and love. The organ sounded jubilantly and a hymn was sung to end the service. Then all the older people left the church and the first communicants, having made their thanksgiving, followed them.

Marie went with her little sister and brother who wondered that she was so happy and yet had so little to say. The parents walked along behind them, moved by the happiness of their child.

"I would not miss the joy of this day for anything," said the proud father to his wife.

"And I am doubly happy because Marie is such a good girl," added the mother. "One can be sure that she has really worthily communicated."

"Yes, thank God, Marie is good. If she will only stay so good, she will give us much more joy."

"Only once recently was she a little stubborn. She got the foolish notion into her head that she would die on her first Communion day or soon afterwards. I scolded her and even whipped her, yet she would not give up the idea. Our Lord had promised her this she said."

At first the father wondered, but then he said, "She could easily think something strange like that because she had so diligently prepared herself. Keep an eye on her to see that nothing happens."

Whitsunday left a happy remembrance in Marie's family. Marie remained as well as ever. But she kept herself always prepared for death by going often to Holy Communion. Week after week passed by and God did not call little Marie to heaven. But she never dared to say anything more about dying. One day, however, her mother said, "Do you see now how foolish you were, when you thought that you would die on Whitsunday?"

"Mother," answered Marie earnestly, "I did not know that I should die precisely on Whitsunday, but it is certain that I shall die soon, and that on a day when I have received Holy Communion."

The mother looked up and laughed, "You are a darling, but have a real child's head. I can't imagine how you could think up such a thing."

Spring passed and summer came, and with the summer came vacation time. Marie was sent to spend the vacation at her grandmother's. This gave her grandmother great joy. She did everything to make it enjoyable for Marie. When they were out walking one day, they visited the cemetery, which was so nicely kept that Marie cried, "Grandmother, I should like to be buried here." Her grandmother told her that she must not speak so. They did not wish her to die yet.

"But our Savior has promised me that I shall die soon. In heaven one cannot offend God anymore and for this reason it is good to die young."

Vacation came to an end and it was time for Marie to return to her parents. Her belongings were packed and all was prepared, for she was to make the journey the next day. Her grandmother was sorry that she was no longer to have the company of her dear little granddaughter.

Marie appeared on this day, very pale. "My child, you are so pale. Is something the matter with you, or does leaving me affect you so much?" asked the grandmother.

"I am sorry to have to leave you," answered Marie, "but do you know I have an awful pain in my side, which has bothered me since this morning."

"Oh, child, I hope it is not anything serious. Shall I call the doctor?"

"I don't know if it is serious, grandmother. Perhaps I shall yet be buried in the beautiful graveyard where we were recently."

"Please don't speak so, child, but go to bed immediately and I will have the doctor come."

A quarter of an hour later the doctor examined Marie and pronounced it appendicitis, and Marie must go at once to the hospital. Marie went joyfully, for now she had hope of soon being able to leave this earth for the heaven for which she so longed. When the hospital sisters put her to bed, they asked in surprise, "Child, have you no pain?"

"Oh yes," answered Marie, "but I endure it gladly for our good Savior. He sent it to me."

On the next day the doctor decided that an operation would be necessary. Marie was told that she must not fear, because there was no danger.

"I don't fear, doctor," she answered; but then as the doctor left the room she turned to the sister and said, "But, dear sister, I must by all means receive Holy Communion to-morrow before the operation."

"Yes, certainly, this wish will be granted you." So Marie went to confession and received Holy Communion on the following morning.

The operation was over and was pronounced a success. All rejoiced except Marie, who said "Oh, I will soon die. God sent me the suffering in order that I may gain heaven." The Sisters, however, would not believe that Marie was going to die soon.

Towards the end of the week the doctor examined Marie again and found, to his great horror, that the wound had become worse and that there was no hope. This news made the Sisters very sad. They sent for the parents, who came at once. At first, there was much sorrow and weeping as Marie greeted her parents and brothers and sisters. Marie, however, continued to be joyful. "Dear parents," she said, "I shall die to-day. But you must not be sad; for I am going to our dear God in heaven. I am very glad, and I will pray for you there."

Then Marie said good-bye to all and then, giving one finger to each of her little brothers and sisters she said, "See, thus will I draw you all into heaven to the good God." As she said this she looked smilingly up to the ceiling and then her little heart stood still. The guardian angel had taken her soul up to heaven.

Ash Wednesday is the first day of March and Easter falls on the 16th of April. During the holy season of Lent good Catholics strive to deny themselves of some pleasures such as dances, theaters and parties, and find time to say prayers more fervently and read spiritual books.

First Little Girl—"What's etiquette, Lily?"

Second Ditto—"Oh, that's the noise you mustn't swallow your tea with when there's company."

(Continued on page 405)

THANKSGIVING

Mrs. C. B. Kosco of St. Marys, Pa., wishes to give thanks for a favor received from Our Lady of Perpetual Help.

Our Sioux Indian Missions

(Continued from page 407)

of grief to the Mission. A light rain was sufficient to make the gumbo roadbed extremely slippery; a thaw or a long-continued rain produced deep mud, which held fast in its clutches every vehicle that attempted to pass over it. This evil has now been remedied. Writing under date of December 7, Father Sylvester said: "The road north of the Mission is being graveled, and will be completed to-day, shortly after dinner. This means no more mud between here and Indiana! The Mission trucks do the hauling while the county furnishes the gasoline, the gravel, and the labor.... It seems good to get away from gumbo at last." The farmers who did the loading were paid twenty cents an hour. The work of loading was done by hand, not by machinery, and every few days the workmen were shifted so as to give as large a number as possible an opportunity to earn a little money.

BEADWORK AND EMBROIDERY

Beaded handbags, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$2.00. Woven necklaces, \$1.00. Bead rings, 10¢. Head band, \$1.00. Squaw's beaded belt, \$1.00. (Good to use at a masquerade, or as curios.) Children's moccasins, \$1.00. (Give length in inches.) Babies' 75¢. Tea apron, beautifully embroidered, \$1.00. Buffet scarfs, \$1.00 and 75¢. Cushion top, emb. ready to slip pillow in, \$1.00. Rocking-chair or porch pad, emb., 50¢. Tea towels, 25¢. Guest towels, 25¢. Write Clare Hampton, 5436 Holly Hills Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

PACKAGES RECEIVED

Mrs. John Dooley, Ventnor City, N. J.; Mrs. Coyne and Mrs. Vielbig, Brooklyn; A. M. Siemon, and Elaine Duffy, Phila., Pa.; Miss Anna Dell, Columbus, Ind.

Oklahoma's New Abbot

(Continued from page 390)

who was also the first Prefect-Apostolic of Oklahoma. In 1896 the monastery of the Sacred Heart, as it was then called, was elevated to the rank of Abbey. On Feb. 23, 1905, the Rt. Rev. Bernard Murphy, O. S. B., was elected second Abbot of the foundation. However, after four and a half years Abbot Bernard resigned. Long afflicted with paralysis, the prelate passed to his reward early in July, 1932.

A few years ago the Holy See appointed the Abbot of St. John's Abbey in Minnesota, the Rt. Rev. Alcuin Deutsch, O. S. B., administrator of Sacred Heart Abbey, which was transferred to Shawnee in the same state and placed under the patronage of St. Gregory the Great. A priory is still maintained at Sacred Heart.

The newly designated Abbot, who was born at Wahpeton, N. D., Feb. 29, 1892, made his studies at St. John's, where he also entered the novitiate, making his religious profession July 10, 1915. On June 12, 1921, occurred his ordination to the priesthood. From 1924 to 1932, the year '27-'28 excepted, Father Mark was Dean of the College at St. John's. During the past eight years he was also at the head of the department of education.

The abbatial benediction will be conferred in the Cathedral at Oklahoma City on Feb. 22nd by the Most Rev. Francis C. Kelley, D. D., Bishop of Oklahoma and Tulsa.

Heartiest congratulations to Abbot Mark Braun and best wishes for an abundance of success in his new field of labor!

Abbey and Seminary

—January brought us springlike weather, warm, excessive rain, and floods, with several overflows of the Anderson in the valley below. On Dec. 31st the trains were waterbound and no mail was brought from Friday to Monday.

—The short holiday vacation came to an end on Jan. 4th when the students returned to take up review work for the coming semester examinations.

—On Epiphany, Jan. 6th, Father Leo Schwab celebrated the golden jubilee of his religious profession. After the Offertory of the Conventual High Mass Father Abbot received the renewal of the venerable jubilarian's vows. Because of physical infirmities the jubilarian was not able to celebrate the High Mass, although he celebrates private Mass daily immediately after Lauds. Born in Baden, Germany, on Feb. 3, 1853, Father Leo began his studies for the priesthood in the Gymnasium or college of Einsiedeln Abbey in Switzerland; he then served his time in the German army, closing his military career as "Unteroffizier" or corporal. After this the young soldier turned his eyes towards America where he wished to enlist in the militia of Christ under the banner of St. Benedict. On Jan. 6, 1883, he consecrated himself to God by the vows of religion at St. Meinrad. One year and a half later, on June 13, 1884, the powers of the priesthood were conferred upon him. From that date until the summer of 1907 Father Leo was occupied principally in the classroom teaching Greek and Latin. For quite a number of years he was novice master, Subprior, then Prior. In 1907 he was sent to Louisiana to take charge of the parish at St. Leo, near Rayne, where he remained until 1930 when he was recalled to the Abbey. Infirmities increasing with age made it difficult for him to perform the duties of the pastoral charge. Since

that time Father Leo has been living in retirement at the Abbey. Now at the age of 80 the jubilarian vies with the younger members of the community in his punctuality at all the canonical hours of the Divine Office, which begins each morning at 4 a. m. We hope that Father Leo may live to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of his ordination.

—During the Christmas holidays and on several occasions after the return of the students Father William showed us a number of interesting educational films as well as a few comical strips.

—On Jan. 8th Father Abbot left for Indianapolis and points in the "far" East. At the Indiana State-Capital on the following day he gave the "Benediction" at the inauguration ceremonies of Governor Paul V. McNutt. Continuing eastward, Father Abbot was given a cordial reception in New York by Al Smith, who because of his faith was defeated in the presidential election in 1928. He also had a delightful visit with President-elect Roosevelt at the latter's home. The President-elect recalled their meeting of several years previous when the Governors of the various states met in convention at French Lick, Indiana. At Boston Mayor Curley welcomed the visitor from the middle West and presented him with the "key of Boston," a silver key. On the return trip halt was made at Troy, N. Y., where a visit was paid to Father Dasey, a loyal friend of the Abbey. Washington was also included in the itinerary. Congressman Boehne of our district had extended a most pressing invitation to stop at the Capital. After an absence of three weeks in the interest of the Abbey, Father Abbot returned, bringing with him many recollections of the cordial hospitality shown him in the East as well as memories of the historical spots he visited.

—Owing to the absence of Father Abbot, we could not have the customary Pontifical High Mass on the feast of St. Meinrad, Jan. 21. This gave Father Meinrad the rare opportunity of celebrating the solemn conventual High Mass on his patron feast. Father Peter preached the festive sermon.

—Rev. Joseph Sullivan, class of '27, who was ordained June 7, 1927, for the diocese of Corpus Christi, met a tragic death in an automobile accident on January 25th. Burial took place two days later in the South. We are sure that our readers will breathe an extra prayer for the repose of the soul of this priest who without previous warning was suddenly hurled into eternity at the feet of his Judge. R. I. P.

—The examinations for the first semester are scheduled to close in the Minor Seminary on Feb. 3rd, and in the Major Seminary on the following day.

—At seven o'clock in the evening of Feb. 5th the Rev. John Lyons, C. S. P., of Chicago, will open the mid-year retreat at the Abbey. The retreat for the student body will begin twenty-four hours later. Father Fulgence Meyer, O. F. M., of Cincinnati, will conduct the spiritual exercises in the Major Seminary, while Father Henry Courtney, O. S. B., of Atchison, editor of the "Kweery Korner" in THE GRAIL, will perform a like office in the Minor Seminary.



Conducted by CLARE HAMPTON

Benedictine Life and Ideals

Ever so often, when the world was tottering on the brink of chaos and ruin through its own wilfulness and materialism, Almighty God raised up great saints, who were to teach the world how to live in Christian perfection, and raise it from the muck and vileness into which it had fallen. St. Benedict, in instituting his great religious family, undertook to show, rather than tell, the people how to live in a manner pleasing to God; hence, the Gospel was demonstrated, was verily lived, before the eyes of the surrounding people. He taught his followers to live the fundamental life of the Gospel in its purest and highest form.

Realizing that the family is the social unit, the pillar and foundation of all society, St. Benedict patterned the life of his community after that of the family, with a father for its head, and this is one of the dearest traditions of Benedictine life. This ideal Christian family was to have an Abbot for father, and the monks were to live in an abbey, that is, their father's house, binding themselves by vow to some particular monastery. The motto of this family was, and is, "Ora et Labora—Pray and Work." Thus the ideal was given to the people—not idleness and materialism, but fervent prayer and honest labor.

The third ideal demonstrated by St. Benedict and his followers, was their ardent love of "Pax"—Peace, which is engraved on all St. Benedict's medals. A distaste for all controversy and a love of holy peace was to teach peace in families, and the virtue of living together in holy charity and mutual helpfulness. The daily singing of the Holy Office in choir by the whole community, was to teach family prayers to those who had so far fallen into materialism as to forget this duty to God. The mere ringing of the bell at various hours of the day, as the monks repeatedly assembled to chant the Divine Office, was a sermon in itself to the people, even though they did not attend the service.

How much need have we to-day of these ideals!

Lighting the Home

Beautiful lighting fixtures have become so cheap, that no one need permit an ugly, old-fashioned chandelier to hang in any room, to ruin the effect of nice furnishings. Every woman likes to have a pretty home, and lamps and other lighting fixtures are as important as any other part of the furniture. Most men to-day understand wiring and electrical work, and it is a simple

matter to purchase a nice fixture, unscrew and disconnect the old one, and install the new. Fixtures are screwed onto an iron pipe in the ceiling, and disconnecting means simply taking off the rubber tape and unwinding the wire. But be sure the current is shut off at the meter first.

If there is not money enough to have all the fixtures changed at once, do one room at a time. One may obtain surprisingly beautiful fixtures from mail order houses at very low prices, and even the 10-cent and quarter stores sell lamps and wall brackets in their electrical departments that would be a credit to any home. Wire and all necessary parts may be obtained at dime stores, while white and colored bulbs, shades and lamp bases are displayed in a bewildering array. By purchasing one or two articles at a time, little by little, one's home can be transformed into a place of beauty.

And while the handy-man-of-the-house is about it, perhaps he could be persuaded to install lights in all the closets. Ever so often a glove, a shoe, a toy, or a rubber will hide away somewhere in a dark corner, and unless there is an electric light, a match will be used. And if one has any respect for fire prevention, he will take no chances with such a hazard.

Many new improvements have appeared: One of them an ultra-violet lamp, which is used in the ceiling cluster for lighting as well as for health; another is the ceiling-cluster and fan combined, circulating the air in summer high up in the room, and preventing a dangerous draft.

A Good Idea

One lady always has a basket of "pick-up" work at hand, so that when a friend drops in, she can sit down in the living room and talk, yet be doing something useful. In this way she generally has a stock of gifts always ready for birthdays, Saints days, sodality lotto prizes, etc. Sometimes she knits wash cloths out of heavy white cotton thread and crochets a colored edge on them. Then again, she will be cross-titching hemmed squares of black cheesecloth in red for dust cloths. When they are finished, she sprinkles a few drops of furniture oil over them, rolls them up, and packs them in colored glassine paper, tied with ribbon. Or she embroiders rounds or squares of white or unbleached muslin for potholders, a set of which, packed neatly in a pretty box, will be a welcome and useful gift to any woman. The beauty of it is, that they may

be made of odds and ends from the scrap bag—even colored pieces being used, padded with cotton, and "quilted" in star design, squares, circles or crossbar. The edges are finished with colored binding to match embroidery or some color in the design.

Sometimes she makes a set of embroidered quilt patches as a gift to a friend who is fond of quilt making; a favorite design is the sunbonnet baby, made of odds and ends of colored ginghams and appliqued onto muslin or colored sateen. Anon, she cleans out the patch bag, picks out all the silk and satin patches, and sews them together to form a crazy-quilt design, or a star, or some geometrical design, for a cushion top. Sometimes, the interesting workbasket reveals a dozen or so small celluloid dolls, which she dresses from these silk patches and then gives to the children of the family or friends for birthday gifts, or to some bazaar or mission center.

Most of the time, her gifts are inexpensive, costing little or nothing, but highly appreciated because of the love and handiwork put into them.

Understanding Our Fellow Man

Often we are forced to associate with someone who is the most absolutely disagreeable person we have ever met. Sometimes these persons are right in our own families. How to get along with such people. First, a feeling of love toward all our fellow men is necessary, an understanding love, that pities and sympathizes, and tries to find the underlying cause for the disagreeable person's irritability. Almost without exception, if we probe beneath the skin, we will find that an irritable person is being tortured secretly in some way—either it is his health, or he is suffering from some sort of "complex"—a more bald word for this modern ailment would be, "imagination."

If the irritable person is not ill, then he is suffering from some sort of mistaken imagination. He may imagine that he is ugly, or too tall and thin, or too fat; or he may imagine that others are secretly laughing at him, or, worst imagination of all—talking uncharitably about him. And, well, maybe they are, and he probably brought it on himself by his nasty actions. So he proceeds to watch and be suspicious of everybody, acting nastier all the time, until he has aggravated the matter and *really* made people grumble and talk disparagingly about him. When we are thrown in with such a person, it will never do to return measure for measure; the irritable person is a torture to himself. Why torture him more? If our Lord commands us to "love our neighbor as ourselves," then it is our duty to help such a person.

Try to understand him, try to dispel his imagination, praise up his little achievements, and explode all his pet suspicions. "Stick up" for him before derisive companions, and refuse to listen to gossip about him. Do him little kindnesses, and listen always sympathetically to his tales of woe. By and by, your own cheerful, kindly attitude will communicate itself to him, just as water touching paper will eventually soak it. Be a helper, not a scoffer!

Extracts from 17th Century Magazine

EVENING DRESS: "The newest idea for female evening dress (note the use of 'female' instead of lady or woman) is, a gown made of black gros de Naples; the corsage cut bias, made with a little fulness, rather high in front and straight; ornamented with fluted trimming of black Italian crape around the neck. The short sleeve is full, with a band around the arm. The skirt is of a fanciful pattern, made of gros de Naples, crape, and a rouleau of satin, with a padded hem. The headdress consists of a very full wreath of black crape flowers. Jewelry to be worn with this elegant outfit includes a large diamond-shaped black brooch, German cast-iron necklace, earrings and bracelets, with cameo clasps. Black kid gloves and chamois shoes." (All set for a funeral, we would say.)

OUR UNMARRIED FEMALES: "Our unmarried girls are entirely overdressed. They are allowed to wear such suits as are never worn by modest maidens in Europe, and even matronly persons would not presume to wear them. (They should see our maidens.) The young miss, flauntingly costumed, is sure to attract a notice in the streets, which is not safe for virgin modesty. Overdress destroys female reserve, as it takes away one of the best safeguards of virtue. Were a more modest attire adopted, there would be less temptation to present-day ill-doing."

FEMALE DECORUM: "Amateur performers upon the piano should commit a few pieces to memory, as, to take sheet-music to a party is a hint that they expect to be invited to play. If a female guest is invited to play, it is courtesy for the gentlemen nearest her to offer his arm and escort her to the instrument. While she is playing, he will hold her bouquet, fan and gloves, and should also turn the leaves if he can readily read music, but he should not attempt it otherwise."

TABLE MANNERS: "Sit upright, open napkin, and spread it on the lap or on the breast. If one is not provided, use a handkerchief. Compose yourself, and no matter how hungry you are, resolve to eat slowly. Keep your hands away from the table until it is time to eat; do not take knife and fork in hand and commence drumming on the table until you are served. When Grace is said, do not look around at the food; bow the head respectfully. With social chit-chat and eating the meal should be prolonged from thirty minutes to an hour, and it is well to sit quietly for fifteen minutes longer to give the food time to digest. The best people no longer place the knife in the mouth to convey food; it is dangerous to place the sharp steel knife in the mouth. Never feed a dog at table."

FEMALE ETIQUETTE: "It is not considered proper for a young unmarried lady to ride unattended in an omnibus, (we have cut off the 'omni' to-day) nor to be seen on downtown streets without a carriage or servant. Neither may she go unchaperoned to a play with a young gentleman, nor go riding or driving in the company of young men without a chaperon; neither may she laugh and talk in public places, as this would attract attention."

Household Hints

Do not soak clothes over night, as something may prevent your washing them—weather, or sickness, or an unexpected phone call to come to a sick relative, etc. Clothes need be soaked only one hour before washing; any longer time than that only makes them gray.

Place them in the boiler to soak with bead soap, which dissolves quickest; after an hour's soaking, light the fire underneath and boil briskly fifteen minutes. Then dump into washing machine and the whole operation is done without waste of soap or much handling of new water. Plenty of clean rinse water will make snowy clothes.

If the clothes are not very soiled, boiling is unnecessary; soak with bead soap in just enough cold water to barely cover the clothes in the bottom of the washing machine. If you have a gas heater, light it, and after an hour, pour boiling water into the machine right over the clothes and start it. Thus, less handling makes shorter washing.

Recipes

PUMPKIN CUSTARD: Half a can of pumpkin left over from pie-making may be used as a cup custard by mixing with it two beaten eggs, 1/3 cup sugar, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 1/2 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 cup rich milk and 1 cup grated cocoanut. Pour into custard cups, place cups in a pan of hot water and bake in a moderate oven from 30 to 45 minutes, or until firm and delicately brown on top. Serve cold.

TOKAY GRAPE AND ORANGE PRESERVE: Wash 2 pounds tokay grapes, cut in halves and remove seeds; take six small oranges, wash thoroughly, and quarter them without removing skins. Measure the fruit and add an equal amount of sugar, then boil until juice jellies as it drops from spoon—about 15 to 20 minutes. Pour into jars and seal with melted paraffine.

Sinus Trouble

INDIANA STATE MEDICAL ASSOCIATION

Soft coal smoke, which curtains the cities at this time of the year is likely to cause an increase in sinus trouble.

Chronic infections of the nasal sinuses are especially common in regions with marked variations in temperature, and especially if the air is laden with smoke. The bones of the face contain cavities, called sinuses. The cavities open into

the nose and are lined by the mucous membrane of the nose.

Persons who say that they 'catch cold in the head easily,' or that they have 'frequent attacks or gripe,' usually have chronic sinusitis. These persons carry the same infection in the head all the year round. Much of the time it is quiescent and they scarcely know of its presence (although they do have what they call catatrach), while at times it flares up and they then say that they have 'caught cold.'

The question may well be asked, 'What can I do to avoid these troubles?' First of all, it is important to avoid the common cause of sinus troubles, that is the common 'head colds.' As almost everyone knows, this is not easy to do, but many things may be done that will at least make head colds far less frequent. Keeping one's self in good health and thereby raising one's resistance to disease of any kind is naturally of great importance. Therefore, follow closely the modern authoritative rules of personal hygiene, which you have doubtlessly heard expounded many times. Fresh air at all times is, of course, highly desirable, but unless you are exercising, a cold draught should be avoided.

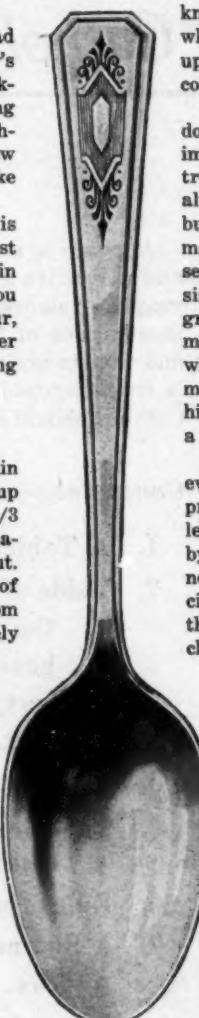
Remember that normally the nasal cavity of every person contains many germs capable of producing disease, sometimes of producing virulent disease, but these germs are held in check by the resistance of the mucous membrane of the nose. Since this resistance depends on a normal circulation of the blood in the membrane, anything upsetting this normal circulation, such as chilling some portion of the body as by a cold draught, loss of sleep, lack of body rest, or constipation, lowers the normal resistance, the germs gain the upper hand, and a cold in the head or 'rhinitis' results. Obviously, when vigorously exercising, a draught cannot usually disturb the circulation of blood through the mucous membrane.

Second, avoid contact with persons suffering with colds, particularly when they are sneezing and coughing; but do not be too apprehensive over this danger, if you keep in good health and have normally resistant nasal mucous membranes.

Third, concern yourself with preserving your own health and resistance by carefully observing the laws of personal hygiene, and if you find that you must sneeze and cough, protect your neighbor each time by using your handkerchief as a screen or cover.

New Cook—"How do you make hash?"

Old Cook—"You don't make it—it just accumulates."



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